

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4717

(REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.)

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

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Appointments Vacant

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THERE is a VACANCY for a PERIPATETIC TEACHER of DRAWING (MISTRESS) (part-time) in the Council's schools for deaf children. Candidates should hold the Art Master's Certificate or the equivalent and should have had experience in teaching drawing. The teacher appointed will be employed for five sessions a week in the day schools and will also be required to give instruction on one or two evening sessions a week at the Oak Lodge Residential School for Elder Deaf Girls, Nightingale Lane, S.W. The rate of pay will be 15s. a session.

Apply to the Education Officer (S.S.1), London County Council, 1, Temple Avenue, E.C.4 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary). A form of application will then be sent. Form must be returned by 11 a.m. on September 30, 1920. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,
Clerk of the London County Council.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BARROW-IN-FURNESS. EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

OWING to the promotion of a Form Master to a Headmaster-ship, a JUNIOR MASTER (Graduate) to teach Junior Mathematics and Science is required at once.

Salary according to scale. Maximum £450. Minimum according to qualifications and experience.

Applications should be forwarded to the Head Master without delay.

By Order,
L. HEWLETT,
Town Clerk and Clerk to the Local Education
Authority.

Town Hall,
September 15, 1920.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOKE-ON-TRENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

HANLEY SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Headmaster: W. M. WILSON, M.A., LL.B.

WANTED as soon as possible, an ASSISTANT MISTRESS to take FRENCH with the girls. The work will be mainly in connection with the Higher School Certificate and Oxford Locals. High qualifications, residence abroad and teaching experience will be taken into account in fixing commencing salary.

Application Form will be forwarded on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, and should be returned to the undersigned on or before October 2, 1920.

R. P. G. WILLIAMSON,
Director of Education.
Education Offices,
Town Hall, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent,
September 20, 1920.

OLDHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE. MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART.

WANTED, FULL-TIME ASSISTANT, to help with the general work of the School. Applicants must possess Art Master's Certificate or some higher qualifications, and be specially qualified in Figure Draughtsmanship and some craft. Forms of application and further particulars from the undersigned.

W. KERSHAW,
Secretary for Education.
Education Offices, Oldham,
September 7, 1920.

Appointments Vacant

SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR CHINESE.

TWO ASSISTANT MASTERS are REQUIRED for the above School, one to arrive by the end of the year and one before the Spring of 1921. Candidates should be 25 to 30 years of age, unmarried and, preferably, Graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, London or other recognised British University. They must hold Board of Education Certificates and/or diplomas in education. They will be required to teach in English only, but will be expected to study Chinese.

AGREEMENT.—Each agreement and renewal thereof is for a period of three years.

LEAVE.—Seven months' leave is granted after each five years' period of service.

PAY.—Tael 287.50 per mensem during first agreement.
Tael 345 per mensem during second agreement.
Tael 395 per mensem during third agreement.
Tael 445 per mensem thereafter as maximum.

There are no allowances but there is liberal Superannuation; medical attendance is free and hospital expenses, up to a certain limit, are paid. The rate of exchange fluctuates; at present the Tael is about 5s. 9d., but its pre-war value was about 2s. 6d.

PASSAGE.—First-class passage is provided and half pay during voyage.

Further particulars and application form may be obtained from the Council's Agents,

MESSRS. JOHN POOK & CO.,
68, Fenchurch Street,
September, 1920. London, E.C.3.

SHANGHAI MUNICIPAL COUNCIL.

PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AN ASSISTANT MASTER is REQUIRED for this School. Candidates should be 25 to 30 years of age, unmarried, graduates of Oxford or Cambridge University preferred. They must hold Government certificates and trained teachers' diplomas, be experienced teachers and disciplinarians able to prepare Cambridge Local Preliminary Junior and Senior Candidates. Pay Tael 287.50 per mensem without allowances, except participation in the Superannuation Fund and free medical attendance under agreement for three years with increase of pay if agreement is renewed. At present the Tael is about 5s. 9d., but its pre-war value was about 2s. 6d. First-class passage is provided and half-pay during voyage. Further particulars and application form may be obtained of the Council's Agents:—

MESSRS. JOHN POOK & CO.,
Agents for the Municipal Council of Shanghai.
68, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3,
September, 1920.

UNIVERSITY OF OTAGO, DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POSITION of PROFESSOR of ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE at the above University at a salary of £750 per annum, increasing to £850.

Full particulars and forms of application obtainable by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to THE HIGH COMMISSIONER for NEW ZEALAND, 415, Strand, London, W.C.2, by whom completed applications will be received up to September 30, 1920.

Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.
NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.
CHAIR OF PHYSIOLOGY.

APPPLICATIONS are invited from candidates qualified for the above **POSITION**. Salary (fixed) £1,100 per annum, and £150 allowed for travelling expenses to Sydney. Pension of £400 per annum, under certain conditions, after 20 years' service. Duties commence March 1, 1921.

Particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications (in quadruplicate), stating age and qualifications, and names of three referees should be sent not later than Saturday, October 9, 1920.

AGENT-GENERAL FOR NEW SOUTH WALES
Australia House, Strand,
London, W.C.2.
September 7, 1920.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SCHOOL OF MINES & TECHNOLOGY,
JOHANNESBURG (UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA).

THE COUNCIL invites APPLICATIONS for the following **APPOINTMENTS**:-

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Medical certificate required before appointment. Age to be stated. Applications and testimonials, all in triplicate, to be sent to undersigned by October 11. Further particulars may be obtained on application to CHALMERS, GUTHRIE & Co., LTD., 9, Idol Lane, London, E.C.3.

BRISTOL EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ART, BROAD WEIR.

WANTED, as soon as possible, an ASSISTANT ART MASTER, specially qualified in Applied Design. Knowledge of Figure Work a recommendation. The initial salary offered is £200, but this salary will be subject to revision when the "Burnham Report" is issued.

Letter of application and copies of not more than three testimonials should be sent to the undersigned.

W. LUDFORD FREEMAN,
Director of Education.

Guildhall, Bristol,
September 10, 1920.

CITY OF WORCESTER.
SCHOOL OF ART.

FULL-TIME ASSISTANT MASTER required in September. Junior Department Work principally. Must be good disciplinarian. Salary £250-£300. Applications, giving full particulars as to qualifications and teaching experience should reach me on or before September 28, 1920.

THOS. DUCKWORTH,
Secretary for Higher Education.

Victoria Institute, Worcester.

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WANTED, a LIBRARIAN for Chetham's Hospital Library, Manchester. For particulars apply to the HOUSE GOVERNOR.

Appointments Vacant

SALFORD EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

Head Master: H. B. WINFIELD, B.Sc.

REQUIRED, a FORM MASTER for FRENCH (throughout the School). Salary scale £180-£450. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications must be returned as soon as possible.

RICHARD MARTIN,
Secretary.

Education Office, Salford.

WANTED.—Good READER-ALOUD of FRENCH VERSE, Ronsard to present day, Hugo, Baudelaire, De Noailles, etc.; cultured, perfect accent; two hours weekly.—Box 1212, ATHENÆUM, 170, Fleet Street, E.C.4

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Tuesday, October 5.—"The circle of Sir Thomas More."

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WILL SCHOLAR GIPSY who wrote in February ATHENÆUM very kindly communicate with Box 571, ATHENÆUM, 170, Fleet Street?

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Appointments Vacant

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THERE is a VACANCY for HEAD MISTRESS of the TRADE SCHOOL for GIRLS, QUEEN'S SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C. The School provides instruction for girls who intend to enter one of the undermentioned trades in addition to continuing their general education—Corset-making and lingerie, Dressmaking, Ladies' Tailoring, Millinery and Photography. Candidates must possess administrative and organising ability, and knowledge of industrial conditions affecting the work of the school. Commencing salary £390 a year, rising by annual increments of £20 to £490 a year. It is anticipated that this scale will shortly be revised.

Application forms may be obtained from the Education Officer (T.1a), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary). Form must be returned by 11 a.m. on October 23, 1920. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,

Clerk of the London County Council.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

APPPLICATIONS are invited from Persons desirous of having their names placed on the panels of teachers of (1) Citizenship and (2) Economics, for employment as occasion requires, in the evening institutes. Salary, 21s. for an evening of two hours' teaching.

Apply to the Education Officer (T.6), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for form T.17 (p) which must be returned not later than October 4, 1920. In the case of male candidates, preference will be given to the persons who have served or attempted to serve with the Forces of the Crown. Canvassing disqualifies.

JAMES BIRD,

Clerk of the London County Council.

LOOKING AHEAD

A GAME THAT IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE

GENERAL SMUTS asks:

"What is the good of all the wealth and comfort and glamour of the Victorian age when the next two decades bring us to the graves of ten million young men slain because of the greed and domination which lurked below the smiling surface of that age?" And he adds: "The game is not worth the candle, and we should rather welcome the new and difficult times on which we are now entering."

This is an extract from one of the several messages on "The New World" which are given in a great volume, "The Peoples' Atlas,"—the first complete and up-to-date atlas available after the Peace of Versailles. It is one of the few things that are absolutely essential if we are to read the times with understanding. With "The Peoples' Atlas" at hand we have every inch of the discovered globe clearly marked; we are able to identify the countries, their products, their people, and to glean details that are looked for by every student.

THE ONLY WAY.

Some books are for to-day and to-morrow only. "The Peoples' Atlas" is for the years that are ahead. Wilson, Lloyd George, Smuts and others may step off the stage, but the lava which was flung out of the crater of war is cooling down, and its fashioning must be known. It is our duty to think, to work, and to legislate for to-day and for posterity. We cannot do this if we are ill-equipped. Neither Labourists, Liberals, nor Unionists, not even Coalitionists of any build can govern without knowledge of the world as it is. We know what we would like the world to be; but there is only one way of knowing the world as it is—the world as it has been transformed by war—and that is through the medium of such an atlas as this.

"The Peoples' Atlas," published at 21s. net, can be obtained for a limited time only by readers of the Athenæum who use the coupon attached. Write to-day to secure delivery.

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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

ST. MATTHEW'S DAY

TIMES and seasons are so featureless and unnoticed of late that our interest is not easily arrested by "The Day's Arrangements." The exception happened a day or two since, when it was announced that it was "St. Matthew's Day: Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend service at Christ Church, Newgate Street, 3; Christ's Hospital scholars entertained at the Mansion House." For a moment, the mind went backward in easy imagination through happier centuries, when life ran sparkling as the Thames, or the Lord Mayor's carriage; for a moment there was no room for doubts about the immediate future.

Christ's Hospital, the school which Lamb has made the school of everyone, has held its St. Matthew's Day in special and happy veneration for years whose number we dare not hazard. The old school, it is true, celebrated the occasion differently; once, this Day (for it must be given its rank) was the occasion for Grecians to make speeches to the assembled host of beauty and fashion, and to reckon up their illustrious forerunners, Barnes, Markland. "I marvel that they left out Camden while they were about it." Once, at such a moment, Pepys would be heard telling his neighbour how Sir Robert Ford told him that "the famous Stillingfleet was a Bluecoat Boy." A magnificent print after the elder Pugin (or Rowlandson) has commemorated one of these festivals, about 1815—two noble Grecians declaiming, under the master's eye, in the midst. We can almost hear the words, "Barnesii sermonis novitas illa fecundissima, Marklandii ingenium." Now, the Grecians have no such opportunities, or ordeals; except that the senior

of them is charged with the office of reading, under the gilded curves and religious lights of Christ Church, the Lesson of the occasion.

But always there are the Lord Mayor and his company; the Governors with their green wands—we thought we detected in one or two of them a shyness ill-suited to this, the high day of Christ's Hospital's civic career—a little indecision in the conduct of their wands. Always, too, there follow the cakes, the tea and comfortable advice in the Mansion House, and the new coins, to each after his attainment, fresh from the Mint. There was an atmosphere of confidence and contentment between Christ Church and the Mansion House on this occasion; in spite of rain, there were even conversational answers to strangers' questions regarding the arrangements, and for once there were men of business not in a hurry. To see the youthful company marching along Cheapside, past Sir John Bennett's, where the elder boys purchase their silver girdle-buckles, and past so many a house where Blues have achieved success and goodwill, many folks must have felt that there is some stability in this life.

Change, that hated sub-natural phantasm, is not perhaps all-powerful. There are at least things, connected with mortality, which seem to defy it. They are not to be overthrown by insidious stratagem and attrition; direct onslaught only, it appears, can carry them. Whatever else may happen, this *annus febilis* has seen the return of the Punch-and-Judy showman to his accustomed corner at the town end; the departure of All England's cricketers to Australia; and the visit of the Christ's Hospital boys to their ancestral church, parish, and patrons on St. Matthew's Day.

THE BAMBINO

NO. That isn't mine. It's a thing of Frances Archdale's, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jack Archdale. You know the man I mean. He buys pictures.

You think it's odd he didn't buy this one? Wait till you've heard the story.

I've seen her sitting like that, like a Flemish Madonna: sloping knees, and the naked slip of the child standing between her hands; her hands half holding, half adoring. *He* must have seen her—and her hands. They're in the centre of the picture, large and white and important; as if Frances had known.

You'd have thought it wasn't possible to hate a woman so unfortunate as she was. She ought to have been immune. Yet I believe I'd have hated her even if she hadn't smashed that incomparable old Chinese bowl poor Lawrence left me. But no doubt that began it: the sight of the precious thing slipping through those large awkward hands that were always in movement, always seizing and dropping things, the long fingers splaying; and her husky drawl: "I'm so sor-ry, Mr. Simp-son." She sent me a blue and white bowl from Liberty's the next day, and seemed to think that, if anything, that left me in her debt.

On the whole, she was let off easily, because, with all her multiplied misfortunes, she never faced the full implications of disaster. She was too complacent.

I remember the season when Jack Archdale brought her to town and we all raved about her, his slender Flemish Madonna, with her long, slender shoulders, her long, slender, skim-milk face, her long, slender nose that overhung her upper lip that overhung the lower one that overhung the soft round of her chin sloping away into her neck. And the thin gold rain of hair on her cheeks, loosened from the two sleek bands, untidily. There was something so helplessly yielding and retreating about that profile that you weren't prepared for her obstinacy, that obstinacy which—

Well, it was the helplessness that caught Jack Archdale.

The first time I saw her, at their house-warming, she was unfortunate; standing on a priceless Persian rug and pouring claret-cup over it from the glass she tilted, following Archdale with her pale, moony eyes. Her name was Adela.

He adored her in a funny, abject way, sitting dumb (you couldn't talk to Adela) and staring at her. When the baby came he adored the baby; they both adored it, and they were both jealous of the adoration. You'd come in and find them quarrelling about which was to hold it. He'd be saying, "Give him to me. I want him." And she, with her queer drawl, "You might let me have him, Jack. He's more mine than yours."

And he'd shout back at her, "He *isn't*." Not ragging, you know, but quite fierce and serious.

He talked about the Bambino half the time; he'd bring the conversation round to him from anywhere. I remember dining with them one night before they left London. (They were always asking me because of Frances.) He'd bought a picture of mine that

year and he thought it funny to say, "Roly doesn't come to see *us*, he comes to see his old picture."

She sat there, stretching her white goose neck to get out her drawl. "Aren't you aw-w-fly glad when pee-ple buy your pictures?"

He tried to head her off. "He isn't. He feels as I should if somebody bought the Bambino."

And she went blundering on. "He knows it's safe with us. He knows it's all in the family."

I said he didn't know anything of the sort. Frances had checked me the week before, and I was still bitter about it and afraid of Adela because she had an unpleasant way of throwing Frances at me. (You summed up Adela when you said she had no tact.) I could see Archdale making signs to her, but she did it again with her lazy air of not being able to help it.

"What are you going to do with yourself this winter?" The poor woman couldn't see she hadn't changed the subject. She was like that.

In the smoke-room he worked round to *his* subject again. I'd asked him how he liked his country house, and he said, "It'll be a jolly place for the Bambino to grow up in. And to step into when I'm dead."

"It's all very well," he said. "He's delicious to kiss and all that, and he'll never be prettier than he is now. But I wish one could skip fifteen years or so. I want the Bambino grown up, *now*. I can't wait twenty years to know what he's going to do, the sort of things he'll say, what his mind'll be like. He's got no end of a mind, Roly, already. At thirteen months. You wouldn't believe it."

"Women are funny," he said. "Adela doesn't want him to grow up. She'd keep him a Bambino always if she had her way."

I can see him with that queer, ironic face of his, gripping his old briar pipe with his teeth while he smiled, thinking of the things the Bambino would do when he grew up.

It was five years before I got the rest of the story; and what I couldn't make out, what I couldn't even have tried to get from either of them, Frances told me.

I'd lost sight of them somehow all that time; then one day I met Jack Archdale at Frances's, and he motored us both down to that place of theirs in Buckinghamshire. I can't say I enjoyed the run. Archdale was a sulky, nervous driver. He stopped dead to change his gear, and he took his corners badly. That wasn't like him; he used to be so cool and careful and efficient, and I remember wondering why on earth he was so jumpy and why he sulked so now. He didn't even rise when I asked after the blessed Bambino.

And we weren't in his house five minutes before he let us see that he'd grown a temper. He hadn't the ghost of one to start with; that I can swear to. I supposed it was the fruit of seven years' marriage with a goose-faced Madonna.

She hadn't changed, except that she seemed much more glad to see us than she used to be; so glad, in fact, that it struck me she was positively afraid to be left alone with Archdale and his temper.

I expected every minute that he'd say, "Where's the Bambino?" I said it myself at last, to create a diversion.

Adela seemed gratified, and went out to get him, and Archdale got up and stood by the window with his back to us, pretending to stare at things in his garden. Frances looked round at him uneasily, and I supposed then that he and Adela had quarrelled about the kiddy. It was what they would do. I began to long for the Bambino to appear and break the tension. I think I expected an excited, dramatic entry; I reminded myself that the Bambino was now five years old.

So I wasn't prepared to see Adela come back with a baby in her arms—a baby too young to display excitement, too young to talk. It could only make queer, immature noises.

I said: "What? A new Bambino? And you never told me!"

Adela was smiling stupidly, and Archdale kept his station by the window. The new baby looked as if it didn't see any of us. There was something odd, something morbid about its detachment, and I touched its soft magnolia cheek to feel if it were real.

"I can see it's new," I said, "but—isn't it awfully like the old Bambino?"

"It is the old Bambino. There isn't any other."

She put it to the ground. Then I saw.

She had got her way. The Bambino would be a baby all its life. Its mind had stopped dead at fourteen months.

Archdale turned, as if he had got up courage at last to stand with her and see her through. He had braced himself to look at the Bambino.

It couldn't walk; it sort of toddled, with a series of little headlong, shambling rushes, wagging its head till the heavy, bulging forehead swung forward and upset its balance. It hadn't sense to grab at things and save itself.

When it fell Archdale rushed to it with a sudden gasping cry. He held it up in his arms, turning with it to Frances and me sternly, as if he defied us to see anything in it but its beauty.

Oh, yes, it was beautiful. It isn't true that idiots always have vacant faces. The Bambino's face was full, full of a heavy, sleeping mournfulness—mournfulness carved into the exquisite, morbid bow of his little mouth, into the straight, pure line of his nose, and fixed in his black, drowsy eyes. But an unutterable, not human, mournfulness, without any reminiscence or foreboding. Animal—the unmoving sadness of a cat's eyes would be near it, only that has something human in it.

Adela began talking. "He is a little backward. But I tell Jack it's because his mind's too big for his body. He's going to be something wonderful. You've only got to look at his face to see he's thinking." She really thought that.

I believe even Jack thought then it wasn't quite hopeless. He had theories; tried experiments; took infinite precautions. He had the nurseries moved to the ground floor so that Adela shouldn't carry him up and down stairs, and a gate put at the bottom of the stairs so that he shouldn't crawl up and fall down them. The day nursery was hung with glittering balls, and glass prisms that shook in the sun and sent rainbow patches darting about the walls and ceiling.

And there was a peal of bells he used to ring. He thought if you could once catch the Bambino's attention you might draw his mind out of its hiding-place. They gave him yards and yards of paper ribbons, pink and green and blue, to play with. The Bambino had dark days when he sat on his big mackintosh mattress like a porcelain idol, doing nothing but wag his head. And he had bright days when he seized the paper ribbons and tore them to bits. And days of surpassing brilliance when he shambled along the garden walks and tore down Jack's delphiniums and gladioli from their borders. His progress was marked by a trail of decaying red and scarlet spears.

Frances told me how it happened. Yes; it was Adela; Adela's hands that couldn't hold things; Adela's obstinacy. He had told her not to carry the Bambino up and down stairs. So she did it. The hall stairs were very long and steep, very narrow at the turn. She was coming down them with the Bambino on one arm and the tail of her gown on the other. He caught sight of Archdale in the hall, and was struggling to get to him...

Adela doesn't see the connection between that fall and his "backwardness." She doesn't see yet what's happening to Archdale. She doesn't see why they have separate rooms. Nor why he was terrified the other night when she came in with the big lamp in her hands flaring. He jumped up and took it from her, and she stood there splaying her hands and smiling while he growled at her: "You—"

He didn't say it. It was the one word his mind shied at, the word you hoped he'd never have to hear. If you'll believe me, she positively shrieked it. "Really, Jack, anybody'd think I was an idiot!"

He looked at her, and Frances and I looked at each other. We'd both seen the same thing, only I didn't know what it was till Frances told me.

"He can't help it," she said. "He's afraid of everything... She wants to have more babies, and he won't let her. He simply couldn't stand seeing her hold them."

I said it was rather cruel; and Frances said, "Oh yes, cruel. That's the awful thing, how it's changed him."

I suggested that it hadn't changed Adela, and she put it to me. "Could I see anything changing Adela?"

I couldn't. After all I was sorrier for him, and I said so. I knew Frances didn't like Adela.

But she shook her head, and said, "I'm not sure. He knows the worst and she doesn't. It'll be awful when she sees it. She can't go on pretending when the Bambino... Besides, she may have to see what you've seen."

"And that is—?"

She stuck it straight in front of me. "Why, that he hates her."

I suppose that's what I saw.

I wish Frances would take the damned thing away. But she's afraid of it. She's got in too much: the sweet, milk-white, fatuous beauty. And the hands, the terrible, imbecile hands; the insecurity.

MAY SINCLAIR.

JOHN FORD

THERE is a point beyond which a man's pre-occupation with his own sorrow ceases to be a theme for comedy; the sight of the human heart stripped naked and revealing all its capacity for aching love and misery is too poignant for laughter. A lesser poet than Ford might have been subject for ridicule, but his sincerity is so profound that he cannot fail to arouse sympathy, and we must approach him with the reverence due to all that is honestly and deeply realized.

Outwardly a gentleman from the country engaged in legal business and the direction of noblemen's affairs, his more instant life was built of ponderings on the obstacles to love. We have one treasured thumbnail sketch of him brooding apart, cut off from humanity by the intensity of the vision that wounded him: "Deep in dump John Forde was got, With folded arms and melancholy hat," and all at once we have a vivid presentment that reminds us of the Richard Middleton of our own day. Bearing within him the burden of the overloaded heart that is the theme of all his plays, he never ceases to contemplate it, until tragedy becomes the solvent of the world's mysteries, and there is nothing left but to meet death bravely. We can imagine him alone in his melancholy, slaking his eager curiosity in Burton's "Anatomy," or as a tragic and dignified figure walking across the Inns of Court as his personages walk across the pages of his drama; never uttering his thoughts except in his writing, his whole philosophy summed up in:

They are the silent griefs that cut the heart-strings;
Let me die smiling.

His art is a cry of protest wrung from him, the "unloading of an overcharged heart." He sees love as a precious gift turned awry in a life that is magnificent at the core, so that both are deformed; society becomes to him a fateful engine whose very structure spoils the wonder of existence and brings the splendour in us to ruin. But he is no reformer, and offers no specific save the beauty of his presentation. Like John Heywood before him, he came "not to teach but to touche," and he is too much of an artist to do other than express his own sorrow; he is primarily occupied with himself.

The blood-drenched extravagance and aching cruelty of a Webster, the strained frenzies of an Otway, are subdued in Ford to a strong sense of inevitability. Just as the death of Bergetto is a ridiculous mistake, and that of Bianca more considered and thus all the more overwhelming, so the various deaths of murder and heartbreak are the natural outcome of our folly in attempting to regiment that love of whose sovereignty he is the constant advocate. Just as it is Giovanni's destiny to love his sister Annabella, so it is inevitable that he should tear out her heart and bring it on a dagger to her husband. The physical horror of the scene is tuned to a well-nigh natural progression, as something that could not but have happened; it is no mere stage device to heighten the tragic element, it is too pregnant with sincerity, and bears in it the germs of reconciliation.

Even in his ghastly comic scenes, wherein according to Gifford, whose phrase is a loadstone to other

commentators, the figures are a "despicable set of buffoons," the irony is savage, as though here, too, Ford were turning the knife in the wound, and the tender flesh shrinks at the vision of human folly seen from an angle where it is shorn of its dignity.

"His style," says Mr. Havelock Ellis, "with its slow subtle melody, its sudden pauses on the suspension of a long breath, its words that are almost gestures . . ." and, indeed, gestures to this silent man must have contained more revelation than words. He is fascinated by the human hand, in which he appears to read all that is significant in human fatality, and which seems to him to contain all that is vital in men and women. He is like some painters, like Blake in a few of his pictures, who would see something in hands expressive of the struggles and desires of the restless mind, more than is to be read in their very faces. To Giovanni, Annabella's hands are such as "would make an anchorite lascivious," and in that final scene between them in which he is doomed to stab her:

"Give me your hand," he says;
"how sweetly life doth run
In those well-coloured veins! How constantly
Those palms do promise health!"

And again in the "Broken Heart," where Penthea becomes sister to Ophelia, she says to her lover whom she may not love:

"Spare your hand;
Believe me, I'll not hurt it . . .
Complain not, though I wring it hard; I'll kiss it,
O, 'tis a fine soft palm,"

as though in claiming the hand she had made hers all that might most confidently be prized in him.

Ford's insight into human passion raises him above his contemporaries: he is profounder than Beaumont and Fletcher, more masculine in his verse, more feminine in his intuitive understanding of women. His figures have more tenderness than those of Webster, and not even those proud, trapped creatures, Vittoria Corombona and the Duchess of Malfi, meet death with so sweet a sureness as Bianca. "He was of the first order of poets," said Lamb. "He sought for sublimity . . . directly where she has her residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds." To him life was an uneasy burden made heavier by brooding, spoiled by our one overshadowing mistake. To the mind afflicted by such knowledge it seems that nothing is left but "to die smiling," to leave life steadfastly like Ithocles, Orgilus, Giovanni and Calantha, for

Love only reigns in death, though art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

Poetry

RELIGION

The bird's song is a hollow round,
And silence is the core of sound;
And we, who have in either hand to weigh
The alternate infinities of night and day;
Who, in the heart's impregnable alcove,
Hug the huge jewel of our Maker's love;
Whose thoughts are constellations, and our speech
A dancing marvel in the mouth of each—

REVIEWS

OSCAR WILDE AS A TRAGIC HERO

OSCAR WILDE: HIS LIFE AND CONFESSIONS. By Frank Harris. 2 vols. (Published by the Author, 29, Waverley Place, New York.)

IT has been said that no generation is more remote than that which immediately precedes us. We are aloof from it largely because we cannot define minute yet all-important changes of accent and emphasis. The modern bowler-hat, for instance, differs from the bowler of 1890 not in kind but in degree; yet that nuance of curvature makes the bowler of 1890 utterly preposterous to the youth of 1920, which can look upon the billycock of 1860 with respect and even with reverence. As with fashions in dress, so with fashions in art and morality; but here the attitude of contemptuous ridicule takes on a tinge of positive hostility. We are swaddled at birth in the ideas of the previous generation; the inevitable gesture of our freedom is to burst them and fling them away. We cannot help being twice as hard and ruthless to the Wilde period as to any other; it is at once very strange and very near, dangerously near.

It is not easy to mitigate this hostility into mere detachment. The difficulty will most plainly appear when we state the bare fact that Mr. Frank Harris has in his "Oscar Wilde: his Life and Confessions," deliberately striven to make of his biography a work of art with a universal, almost a symbolic content. The content is that of Wilde's own *mot*: "In England they forgive a man everything, except his genius." Mr. Harris himself is profoundly convinced of the truth of this dictum. We are not so certain of it. "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country" is, to our mind, truer and more universal. Be that as it may, the difficulty of achieving detachment appears in this, that it demands a real effort in a mind of this generation to envisage Wilde as a fit vehicle for so high an argument. We absolutely cannot accept him as a prophet; it is not easy for us to accept him as a man of genius; as a tragic hero he is altogether impossible. That may be merely an accident of time. If it is, it is nevertheless worthy of record and of explanation.

It is not easy for us to accept Wilde as a man of commanding genius. This does not imply that Mr. Harris believes that he was—he has himself too firm a grip on the reality of the relation between art and life really to believe this—but in some degree the significance of Mr. Harris's book as a work of art depends upon his compelling us to believe it. And at times, as in duty bound, he does most powerfully suggest it. He speaks, for instance, of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" as "incomparably the greatest ballad in the English language"—a statement which, unless it is safeguarded by some quibble on the word "English," seems extravagant praise of a poem which, for all its fine theme and great emotional power, is nevertheless marred by the whole of the unnecessary and "aesthetic" fifth movement ("Out of his mouth a red, red rose, Out of his heart a white"). It is Wilde's greatest, perhaps his only poem; but it is certainly not the greatest ballad in English. At least a half-dozen old ballads—one of them "Sir Patrick Spens"—are finer; and of the modern, "The Ancient Mariner" is indubitably greater. We bring this forward not for the doubtful pleasure of challenging Mr. Harris's critical opinion, but because, as we have said, the impression made by the book as a presentation of a spiritual tragedy must largely depend on the case made out for Wilde as a man of genius.

What to the Giver have we rendered—we
The brave, the immortal—lovers, poets, kings,
Climbers of mountains, sailors of the sea,
Masters of many things?
Once to their God men gave the things he gave them,
Bargaining a bullock's fat and basted thigh
Against the blinding mercy that should save them
From all the creeping terrors of the earth,
And all the falling terrors of the sky!
But we, of later, more considerate birth,
Have driven a stranger bargain: God shall save,
We say, none but the prisoner and the slave:
Lo, for salvation he shall set apart
Only the humble and the contrite heart!
Nothing he shall receive
Save what's so broken that earth has done with it:
Pride, joy and beauty—these are for the Pit:
The rest to Heaven we leave.
Broken and contrite—shattered, driven, maimed,
What am I worth to God? The choice is his.
He has made his weapon of the hard thing that is,
And hunted man into humility.
Where the head's bent above the bended knee,
The unnameable is named,
The filthy are made clean, the guilty go unblamed.
Those others of the world are damned—but free.
—Nay, are there any others? Who has claimed
One step in his own strength? God wills it so.
Yet, heart of daring, O
To stand up in the dawn and draw the light
With strong hands forward in the teeth of night;
To scatter the rebellious stars, to feast
Body and spirit on the burning East,
And strong, and confident, and clean, and wise,
Give back to God his own infinities!
Not, not repentance, not contrition, not
The choice of those who, having thrown the lot
And lost the earth and the desire thereof
And all the sweet superlatives of love,
Turn to salvation as a second best:
But bravery, but youth, but zest,
What man were proud to give, and God to take.
—Well, God has chosen. It's for him to say.
He has his way,
And our hearts break.
Two days ago a sacred something died:
I had not thought that it could perish so:
Two days ago I learnt all God will let me know.
—Two days ago? *Two thousand years ago,*
At that ninth hour when the great veil was rent,
And earth and sky were one dark continent
For one man crucified!

GERALD GOULD.

IN THE ELMTOP

Bitter winds across the plain
Shake the hedges, rattle haws.
Mother Rook asks of her swain,
"Who causes this cold wind and rain?
Caw—caw—
Who is the Cause?"

Father Rook fast snaps his jaws
Hungriely for lack of grain;
"Who knows? The weather has no laws;
It is the sport of one inane,
And clearly has no
Caw. . . . caw
Cause!"

RICHARD CHURCH.

When, however, Mr. Harris says that Wilde has a place with Congreve as a dramatist, we advance with him willingly on to surer ground. In the comedy of manners he has his certain position; and more than this, his criticism has in it some elements of permanent value. "Intentions" is an extravagant and paradoxical book, it is true; it is also true that the central idea in the essay "On the Decay of Lying" and much of its working out are lifted without acknowledgment from Sainte-Beuve's masterly essay on Balzac. Nevertheless, in "The Critic as Artist" there is plenty of original thinking and acute insight, and, though the passages of jewelled writing are tedious enough, one has the satisfaction of feeling that Wilde wrote them with his tongue either wholly in his cheek or half-way there. (Mr. Harris, by the way, has been taken in by one piece of paste, when he quotes Wilde as seriously speaking of "a mad, scarlet thing by Dvorak." The grin is peculiarly obvious in that passage of "Intentions.") But when we sum up Wilde's artistic achievement in the drama and the critical essay, and add to it the unconvincing "De Profundis," and add to that the half-successful "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and "The Sphinx" (to which the late James Elroy Flecker and others through him have owed not a little), what have we? Something considerable, no doubt, but nothing unique. It was Wilde's hard fate that he should have been beaten in his own field by his own contemporaries. We are told that as a talker he could not hold his own with Whistler; we know for ourselves that he was no match for him as a controversialist. We can see, moreover, that in the comedy of manners he has been equalled, if not surpassed by Mr. Shaw, with whom as a writer of English prose he cannot even be compared.

The personal magnetism of a man dies with him; his solid achievement as an artist alone has substance in the eyes of posterity; and we, who are posterity for Wilde, must confess that he is rather a pale ghost as an artist. Therefore he is a reluctant theme for an endeavour such as Mr. Harris indicates in these powerful words:

The English drove Byron and Shelley and Keats into exile, and allowed Chatterton, Davidson and Middleton to die of misery and destitution; but they treated none of their artists and seers with the malevolent cruelty they showed to Oscar Wilde. His fate in England is symbolic of the fate of all artists; in some degree they will all be punished as he was punished by a grossly materialized people who prefer to go in blinkers and accept idiotic conventions because they distrust the intellect and have no taste for the mental virtues.

All English artists will be judged by their inferiors and condemned, as Dante's master was condemned, for their good deeds (*per tuo ben far*): for it must not be thought that Oscar Wilde was punished solely or even chiefly for the evil he wrought: he was punished for his popularity and pre-eminence, for the superiority of his mind and wit; he was punished by the envy of journalists, and by the malignant pedantry of half-civilized judges. Envy in his case overleaped itself: the hate of his justicers was so diabolic that they have given him to the pity of mankind for ever; they it is who have made him eternally interesting to humanity, a tragic figure of imperishable renown.

Mr. Harris would prove too much, for he would prove inconsistent things. The whole tragedy of Wilde consisted in his downfall from a position of popularity and pre-eminence. He was at the time of his trial a very successful artist indeed, and to confuse his case with that of the artist who goes unrecognized and in misery is to darken counsel. England may be a bad place, the natural home of Philistines, but it was perfectly ready to put Wilde on a pinnacle while he was yet a young man; and that readiness must surely be counted to England for righteousness.

Wilde was put in prison because of his sexual perversion. To many of us—let us hope to most of us—his punishment was an inhuman and intolerable thing; but it was not inflicted upon an artist because he was an artist. To suggest that it was is to suggest that homo-sexuality

and artistic genius are inseparable. Wilde liked to believe that they are; but that is no reason why he should be indulged in that monstrous megalomania. Nor, even in the larger view which holds that to torture a human being for a pathological weakness is criminal and degrading to the society which inflicts the torture, was Wilde in reality the victim of a hostile people. Indeed, one of the plainest implications of Mr. Harris's remarkable biography is that Wilde ruined himself. If ever a man's blood was upon his own head, Wilde's was. There was in him a paralysis of the finer springs of control. His gluttony, his sloth, his helpless self-indulgence, which are so ruthlessly depicted by Mr. Harris, reveal in the man a fundamental incapacity for self-discipline. And an artist who is to achieve work of permanent value must discipline himself. Wilde endeavoured to use the name of artist as a sanction for a complete surrender of all responsibility for himself.

That is why Mr. Harris seems to us to be partly the dupe of Wilde's specious apology for his own *acedia* when he points, as he often does, to the "old Greek pagan" in Wilde, which "triumphs" or "asserts itself" or, more rarely, as in the few halcyon months that followed his liberation from prison, is in abeyance. Wilde liked it to be thought that he held the Greek view of life; but there was precious little of the Greek about him. He had none of the Greek virtues, and most of the Greek vices from *hubris* downwards. Rhythm, moderation, temperance and reverence were all conspicuously lacking in his life and his art. He was not a Greek pagan, but merely a Christian sinner, and it is an unconscious calumny upon the most sufficient attitude to life that humanity has yet devised to make it responsible for Wilde. Wilde, who had some scholarship and some imagination, must have had a little knowledge of the tense self-discipline that was the foundation of Greek morality. *Video meliora proboque, Deteriora sequor.*

Judged by the highest standard as a work of art—and Mr. Harris's book demands to be judged by this standard—it suffers from the excess of significance with which he has tried to load it. Wilde was not a victim of the contempt and ignominy which, in Mr. Harris's view, the English invariably heap upon the artist. Such a meaning can only be imposed by force upon the story; it cannot be fused with it. Nor will the material safely bear the more general implication of the ruin of a man by a savage punishment, for Mr. Harris holds firmly to the view that when he emerged from prison Wilde was stronger, physically and mentally, than he had been for years before he entered it. Mr. Harris supplies most convincing evidence of this in two letters written by Wilde at this period, one to Robert Ross and one to himself, of which the one to himself is very modestly but mistakenly hidden in an appendix. These remarkable letters reveal a man in full moral and intellectual control of himself. They breathe a mellowness and humanity for which one may look in vain in Wilde's work either before or after these months of halcyon calm; they are immune, above all, from that sickness of self-pity which makes the reading of "De Profundis" so unpalatable. For a moment, too, Wilde's wit seemed to have ripened into humour.

But the calm did not last. "Little by little," writes Mr. Harris, "as he began to live his old life again, the lessons learned in prison seemed to drop from him and be forgotten."

But in reality the high thoughts he had lived with were not lost; his lips had been touched by the divine fire; his eyes had seen the world-wonder of sympathy, pity and love, and, strangely enough, this higher vision helped, as we shall soon see, to shake his individuality from the centre, and thus destroyed his power of work and completed his soul-ruin. Oscar's second fall—this time from a height—was fatal and made writing impossible to him.

That is a singularly fascinating view of the misery of Wilde's later life; but we cannot help wondering, as

we read on in Mr. Harris's book, whether it is a true one. A few pages later he writes: "His second fall after leaving prison had put him 'at war with himself,'" and he quotes this speech of Wilde's as "his true and final confession":

I was born to sing the joy and pride of life, the pleasure of living, the delight of everything beautiful in this most beautiful world, and they took me and tortured me till I learned pity and sorrow. Now I cannot sing the joy, heartily, because I know the suffering, and I was never made to sing of suffering. I hate it, and I want to sing the love songs of joy and pleasure. It is joy alone which appeals to my soul; the joy of life and beauty and love—I could sing the song of Apollo the Sun God, and they try to force me to sing the song of the tortured Marsyas.

Is that self-revelation or self-deception? More bluntly, is it true or false? Mr. Harris thinks it true; we think it false. In so far as this book is a record of fact, it does not greatly matter. True or false, the confession is interesting and we can interpret it how we will. But in so far as the book is a work of art, it matters vastly. Wilde's capacity for being made a hero depends upon it; it is his third and last line of defence as a tragic hero. He fails as the simple artist-hero; he fails as a symbol of man's inhumanity to man; does he fail as the more complex artist-hero, who by reason of the very magnitude of the experience thrust upon him is incapable of mastering it; who has no heart for the small thing, no power for the big?

We must confess that in our view he fails here also. Again he will not bear the significance his biographer would thrust upon him. Mr. Harris's own uncertainty whether he should date the beginning of "the internal war in Wilde" after "his second fall," or after the imprisonment, is important. If it began after the imprisonment, what becomes of the brief period of calm and maturity, which Mr. Harris proves? If it began after the second fall, what becomes of Wilde's "true and final confession"? It is merely an apology, and an obviously insincere one.

The artistic *portée* of the story of Wilde's life cannot be stretched beyond his own witty phrase: "I can resist everything except temptation." When the demon of *acedia* rose in his path as artist or as man, he surrendered. He had not the toughness which alone makes a man the master of his destiny and the artist a master of his experience. Imprisonment did not snap the fibre in him; he never possessed it. As the singer of "the beauty and joy of life" he was negligible. The beauty and the joy he sang were empty, because no effort at true comprehension lay behind them.

In the common usage of the word Wilde's life was tragic indeed. But the defect of his character was of a kind that made him singularly unfitted to be the hero of a tragedy in the artistic meaning of the word. Fortunately the importance of Mr. Harris's book does not depend upon our accepting his particular interpretation of the facts he puts before us with such skill and economy and vision of essentials. Our own reading of them differs from his profoundly enough, as we have tried to show, but the difference implies no diminution of our gratitude for what is, take it all in all, one of the most masterly biographies in the English language.

J. M. MURRY.

THE life of the late Dr. Lefroy, Bishop of Lahore from 1899 to 1912, and Metropolitan of Calcutta till his death in 1919, by Bishop Montgomery (Longmans, 14s. net), would have been improved by the omission of some of his official pronouncements which derived their importance more from the occasion on which they were delivered than from their inherent value. Otherwise it is an excellent biography. Lefroy was a remarkable man, and he is allowed to speak for himself; while his work in a body which is both an established Church for English residents and a mission to highly educated non-Christian races was full of interest.

HISTORICAL OPINIONS

MODERN ENGLISH STATESMEN. By G. R. Stirling Taylor. (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)

GARDINER, most precise and painstaking of Oxford historians, once admitted that even the richest materials might fail to yield all that a writer of history required. Beyond the regions of ascertained facts, as after the weighing of contradictory evidence, there is a point where the aid of instinct must be sought. When the question at issue is the character of some personage of the past, this is all but obvious. The dead statesman can be reconstructed neither by piecing together all he said and did, nor by collating all that his contemporaries spoke and wrote of him. With him, as with a living politician, one must use something that is almost a sense of smell, and is conveniently called *flair*.

This, clearly, has been the method employed by Mr. Taylor in his book of character sketches. There is no pretence that the author is without prejudices, for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seem to concern him as much as the twentieth, and, indeed, in the same way. Believing that what we are is a result of what we have been, he feels as keenly about Cromwell as the average person feels about Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Smillie. Such a man, from the literary point of view, is likely to be an ideal historian, for every line he writes is almost violently interesting. Whether his estimates are sound is, of course, another matter, and, since so many of them are intuitive, one hesitates how to judge them. His Cromwell is a convincing study, his Walpole plausible, whilst his Pitts should be recognized as genuine by any man or woman who has a decent mind and is not utterly in the thrall of text-books and their mythology.

So far, Mr. Taylor's *flair* has not led him far astray, though on his Walpole a few criticisms might be made. With this East Anglian squire turned Minister of State the author is a trifle over-fond. Walpole, as he says, "had no moral pose about him," and, when he played the rogue, he did it so jovially and openly that one is bound to like him. His foreign policy was generally admirable, whilst his jog-trot in home affairs seems to have been good for the country. Compared with either of his chief rivals, he shines in statesmanship, for, though it may be true, as Mr. Belloc has said, that all the profound things of the time came from Bolingbroke's brain, experience has proved that Bolingbroke was almost always profoundly wrong. As to the elder Pitt, between his splenetic furies and Walpole's not wholly unenlightened commonsense, comparison is needless and even dangerous. If one attempt it, one may in sheer excitement agree with Mr. Taylor when he calls the latter "honest," and at that adjective the statesman, "tippling and sippling" in some Valhalla, might guffaw.

Burke, on whom the writer subsequently turns, has been too elusive for him, but who has yet produced a coherent portrait of this Irishman who was educated as a Quaker, who was materialist enough to found his political philosophy on the rights of property, and who set all Europe ablaze because he had once seen the pretty face of the Queen of France? Disraeli, to whom the final study in the volume is devoted, has also escaped the more vigilant side of Mr. Taylor's mind, though, as a figure of romance, he is here limned exactly as he himself would have desired. His extraordinarily attractive character must be admitted, yet, when one reads that it would be hard to find a case where he betrayed any of his ideals, one must dissent. His handling of Ireland springs to mind at once, but, perhaps, Mr. Taylor would claim that this test is too severe for any English politician. There are never many who trouble themselves about people and things beyond the pale.

D. W.

AN OLD TOPIC

LIFE IN A SUSSEX WINDMILL. By Edward A. Martin. (Allen & Donaldson, 57, Marsham Street, S.W. 1. 6s.)
THE BOOK OF SUSSEX VERSE. Edited by C. F. Cook. (Hove, Combridges. 5s. net.)

THE subject, Philistines might plausibly claim, is not one of those about which more might be said. We hear them, as their eye catches the fatal word,—"It's a disease . . ." "Where is Sussex? . . ." "What's the Government doing? . . ." Peace, peace, rude and rash Philistines; only too much has been written about our immortal county, and only too little. We approve your indignation, but we appeal to those selective capacities which you so notably possess. Reject the highly coloured postcard and the souvenir mug; when the stranger gives the countersign "charm," turn out the guard; but when you see a man hanging thermometers in a dewpond or standing a shepherd a quart of old and mild without producing a notebook, be heedful and watch.

One of our own ambitions has always been to live in a watermill, though a short experience in the draughty example at Hamel-sur-Ancre somewhat cooled our ardour. Mr. Martin has now almost converted us to the claims of a windmill, and we shall rack our brains to remember just where it was that we saw a windmill and a watermill built almost cheek by jowl. In the main, however, the value of Mr. Martin's book is related to Sussex and not to Clayton Mill, though he is at his best when describing the latter. It was a solid modern mill, built next to an old wooden one, of which the lower storey was left, on the downs above Brighton. To form his unconventional home, Mr. Martin used both the ground floor of the stone mill and this relic of the older, which had been connected to it by a door and used as a storehouse. When the problems of furnishing the two round spaces had been settled, there were, for instance, earwigs to settle. There were also frequent interruptors in human shape who imagined that nobody could live in a mill without vending mineral waters. But with all its minor troubles, the place proved an excellent headquarters for life and opinion in the Downs.

Close to the Mill was a saw-pit, which provided a site for an experimental pond. Mr. Martin is an authority on dewponds, and his description of night investigations is inconclusive, but most interesting. Sometimes it became necessary to use flares, and these on one occasion caused a fire brigade to arrive at the foot of the hill. And that appears to have been the sole reward of scientific vigil, though a small species of fresh-water mussel was discovered, and the need for well-puddled foundations in whatever pond became evident. Mr. Martin is not only an accurate observer but also an ingenious theorist, and he is illuminating on the subject of dene-holes, the amazing pits which, he suggests, may have first been dug to hide and house grain (his main point being that the excavated chalk was scattered over the fields and so found to do the ground good). Does this explanation, we wonder, touch the vexed question of the long underground passage from village to village in Picardy? The lie of the land is not dissimilar. And so we accompany this "pleasant hand" through the solitary uplands which so many people have ably described from the railway carriage, but so few from the life. We are pleased with the native frankness of his manner, his affectionate recordings of the acre of wild strawberries in a coomb near Lewes, the art of the trug-maker, and such a home-truth as "Who in Sussex was not a smuggler in the good old days? Many a Brighton family. . . ." We agree, the Roman pavements of Bignor should be handed over to the nation; and we, too, had wondered at the extraordinary house in Henfield

whose inmate stuck figures of black cats all round the walls, and arranged wires so that when birds alit on them bells would ring. But Mr. Martin has something more for our admiration than these. It is that he really gives us some of the atmosphere of the downs, and in particular of his mill.

The silence has invited the birds to build in the topmost storey. So occasionally a stray starling loses its way among the many floors, and flying from side to side and round and round the walls, becomes completely confused, in a place where north and south and east and west are all the same to it, and finally reaches the ground floor, quivering with fear and terrorized with its confinement. The silence is not complete. There are quaint noises peculiar to the Mill. In certain positions which the "sweeps" assume as they swing round to face the changing wind, a strange doleful yet musical note gradually rises, to die away as the wind decreases in strength. Then it rises again, and as the wind increases in strength the note moves upward, one complete tone. Then back again to its first note, and then to pass away altogether.

That is unstrained, ample, convincing; and that is what natural prose can achieve. Let us now take up the "Book of Sussex Verse" and compare the artificial prose of the foreword, with the intentions of which we are completely in accord:

When spring walks to and fro beside the waters of Arun, and Stoke Woods turn from purple to green, and the cattle low over Amberley Wild Brooks, and the cloud shadows make a magic tapestry of the flats beside Hardham; or when autumn browns the fen on Pevensey Level, and the orchards in the rich land above wink red with fruit. . . .

There is such obvious "charm" about this that Sussex is considerably jeopardized. Nor is the peril of hothouse enthusiasm absent in the verses which follow. Mr. Kipling begins with his so widely quoted poem, which he no doubt thinks over-rated as well as ourselves. Mr. Belloc follows with the perennial "The South Country," which holds a similar position. These two skilful and successful poems, masterpieces of journalistic verse and literary tact, need no further comment; but as we proceed further and further into the volume, and find that from these two sources a very Euphrates and a Tigris of beatified verse-commonplace have sprung, and here it is "This is the song of the Sussex land" and there "Oh! the Downs high to the cool sky," and everywhere sweetnesses and tendernesses, we are strongly tempted to join the Philistines. But that we will never do, though our argument seems to have gone entirely in their favour; actually, this condemnation of Sussexiana is really a defence. We are for saving Sussex from her friends, who blow on trumpets and bang on drums, and exhibit her, with professional eloquence, glistening with grease-paints. The "still small voice of gratitude" is more audible and memorable. In this "Book of Sussex Verse" one of the few genuine poems is that written in 1828 by old Charles Goring of Wiston, who planted Chanctonbury Ring in 1760; it is Wordsworthian.

How oft around thy Ring, sweet Hill,
A Boy, I used to play,
And form my plans to plant thy top
On some auspicious day.
How oft among thy broken turf
With what delight I trod,
With what delight I placed those twigs
Beneath thy maiden sod.
And then an almost hopeless wish
Would creep within my breast:
Oh! could I live to see thy top
In all its beauty dress'd.
That time's arrived; I've had my wish,
And lived to eighty-five;
I'll thank my God who gave such grace
As long as e'er I live.
Still when the morning Sun in Spring,
Whilst I enjoy my sight,
Shall gild thy new-clothed Beech and sides,
I'll view thee with delight.

That is, to us, Sussex verse; and we should be surprised if Sussex men have not from time to time produced much

more of the same honest make. Perhaps it will be our good fortune to find some in the new "Book of Sussex Verse" which the publishers, who cannot be too highly commended for the idea and the format of their first book, have just announced. And here we are going to let the Shires have just a touch of our Sussex pride: Can no other county produce a book of verse? E. B.

EDWARD THOMAS

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edward Thomas. With a Foreword by W. de la Mare. (Selwyn & Blount. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE poetry of Edward Thomas affects one morally as well as æsthetically and intellectually. We have grown rather shy, in these days of pure æstheticism, of speaking of those consoling or strengthening qualities of poetry on which critics of another generation took pleasure in dwelling. Thomas's poetry is strengthening and consoling, not because it justifies God's ways to man or whispers of reunions beyond the grave, not because it presents great moral truths in memorable numbers, but in a more subtle and very much more effective way. Walking through the streets on these September nights, one notices, wherever there are trees along the street and lamps close beside the trees, a curious and beautiful phenomenon. The light of the street lamps striking up into the trees has power to make the grimed, shabby and tattered foliage of the all but autumn seem brilliantly and transparently green. Within the magic circle of the light the tree seems to be at that crowning moment of the spring when the leaves are fully grown, but still luminous with youth and seemingly almost immaterial in their lightness. Thomas's poetry is to the mind what that transfiguring lamplight is to the tired trees. On minds grown weary in the midst of the intolerable turmoil and aridity of daily wage-earning existence, it falls with a touch of momentary rejuvenation.

The secret of Thomas's influence lies in the fact that he is genuinely what so many others of our time quite unjustifiably claim to be, a nature poet. To be a nature poet it is not enough to affirm vaguely that God made the country and man made the town, it is not enough to talk sympathetically about familiar rural objects, it is not enough to be vaguely poetical about mountains and trees; it is not even enough to speak of these things with the precision of real knowledge and love. To be a nature poet a man must have felt profoundly and intimately those particular emotions which nature can inspire, and must be able to express them in such a way that his reader feels them. The real difficulty that confronts the would-be poet of nature is that these emotions are of all emotions the most difficult to pin down and analyse, and the hardest of all to convey. In "October" Thomas describes what is surely the characteristic emotion induced by a contact with nature—a kind of exultant melancholy which is the nearest approach to quiet unpassionate happiness that the soul can know. Happiness of whatever sort is extraordinarily hard to analyse and describe. One can think of a hundred poems, plays and novels that deal exhaustively with pain and misery to one that is an analysis and an infectious description of happiness. Passionate joy is more easily recapturable in art; it is dramatic, vehemently defined. But quiet happiness, which is at the same time a kind of melancholy—there you have an emotion which is inexpressible except by a mind gifted with a diversity of rarely combined qualities. The poet who would sing of this happiness must combine a rare penetration with a rare candour and honesty of mind. A man who feels an emotion that is very difficult to express is often tempted to describe it in terms of something entirely different. Platonist poets feel a powerful emotion when confronted by beauty, and, finding it a matter of

the greatest difficulty to say precisely what that emotion is in itself, proceed to describe it in terms of theology which has nothing whatever to do with the matter in point. Groping after an expression of the emotions aroused in him by the contemplation of nature, Wordsworth sometimes stumbles doubtfully along philosophical by-ways that are at the best parallel to the direct road for which he is seeking. Everywhere in literature this difficulty in finding an expression for any undramatic, ill-defined emotion is constantly made apparent.

Thomas's limpid honesty of mind saves him from the temptation to which so many others succumb, the temptation to express one thing, because it is with difficulty describable, in terms of something else. He never philosophizes his emotions in the face of nature and beauty, but presents them as they stand, transmitting them directly to his readers without the interposition of any obscuring medium. Rather than attempt to explain the emotion, rationalize it into something that it is not, he will present it for what it is, a problem of which he does not know the solution. In "Tears" we have an example of this candid confession of ignorance:

It seems I have no tears left. They should have fallen—
Their ghosts, if tears have ghosts, did fell—that day
When twenty hounds streamed by me, not yet combed out
But still all equals in their rage of gladness
Upon the scent, made one, like a great dragon
In Blooming Meadow that bends towards the sun
And once bore hops: and on that other day
When I stepped out from the double-shadowed Tower
Into an April morning, stirring and sweet
And warm. Strange solitude was there and silence.
A mightier charm than any in the Tower
Possessed the courtyard. They were changing guard,
Soldiers in line, young English countrymen,
Fair-haired and ruddy, in white tunics. Drums
And fifes were playing "The British Grenadiers."
The men, the music piercing that solitude
And silence, told me truths I had not dreamed,
And have forgotten since their beauty passed.

The emotion is nameless and indescribable, but the poet has intensely felt it and transmitted it to us who read his poem, so that we, too, feel it with the same intensity. Different aspects of this same nameless emotion of quiet happiness shot with melancholy are the theme of almost all Thomas's poems. They bring to us precisely that consolation and strength which the country and solitude and leisure bring to the spirits of those long pent in populous cities, but essentialized and distilled in the form of art. They are the light that makes young again the tattered leaves.

Of the purely æsthetic qualities of Thomas's poetry it is unnecessary to say much. He devised a curiously bare and candid verse to express with all possible simplicity and clarity his clear sensations and emotions. . . "This is not," as Mr. de la Mare says in his foreword to this volume of Thomas's collected poems, "this is not a poetry that will drug or intoxicate. . . It must be read slowly, as naturally as if it were prose, without emphasis." With this bare verse, devoid of any affectation, whether of cleverness or a too great simplicity, Thomas could do all that he wanted. See, for example, with what extraordinary brightness and precision he could paint a picture:

Lichen, ivy and moss
Keep evergreen the trees
That stand half flayed and dying,
And the dead trees on their knees
In dog's mercury and moss:
And the bright twit of the goldfinch drops
Down there as he fits on thistle-tops.

The same bare precision served him well for describing the interplay of emotions, as in "After you speak" or "Like the Touch of Rain." And with this verse of his he could also chant the praises of his English countryside and the character of its people, as typified in the selfish Lob-lie-by-the-fire:

He has been in England as long as dove and daw,
 Calling the wild cherry tree the merry tree,
 The rose campion Bridget-in-her-bravery;
 And in a tender mood he, as I guess,
 Christened one flower Love-in-idleness . . .

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

MR. BELLOC AS HISTORIAN

EUROPE AND THE FAITH. By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable. 17s. 6d. net.)

MR. BELLOC'S essay may be regarded as having a twofold aim, although, to the mind of its author, this aim appears to be one and indivisible. The first, and more narrowly historic aim of the essay, is to present a new picture of the decline of the centralized Roman Empire and the subsequent building up of Europe, and the second, more obviously philosophic aim, is to account for the modern European consciousness in terms of (1) the Catholic Faith and (2) the Reformation. To Mr. Belloc these two objectives are not really distinct. An account of Europe is an account of the Catholic Faith, and an account of the Catholic Faith is an account of Europe. This unification, as we are told emphatically, is not to be regarded merely as a shorthand way of indicating the great importance of the Catholic Faith as a factor in the history of Europe; a deeper, mystical unification is intended. To investigate the history of Europe as conditioned by the prevalent European religion, i.e., the Catholic Faith, and, in conducting the investigation, to realize that one was, for the purposes in hand, neglecting other important factors, would be to write the Catholic Aspect of History. Now Mr. Belloc assures us, with considerable vehemence, that such is not his intention:

This talk of "aspects" is modern and therefore part of a decline: it is false, and therefore ephemeral: I will not stoop to it. I will rather do homage to truth and say that there is no such thing as a Catholic "aspect" of European history. There is a Protestant aspect, a Jewish aspect, a Mohammedan aspect, a Japanese aspect, and so forth. For all of these look on Europe from without. The Catholic sees Europe from within. There is no more a Catholic "aspect" of European history than there is a man's "aspect" of himself.

Sophistry does indeed pretend that there is even a man's "aspect" of himself. In nothing does false philosophy prove itself more false. For a man's way of perceiving himself (when he does so honestly and after a cleansing examination of his mind) is in line with his Creator's, and therefore with reality: he sees from within.

In just this way the Catholic sees the history of Europe from within. This insight enables the Catholic to be "absolutely right" in his judgments, not "relatively right." The passage from the probable to the certain is thus possible to the Catholic historian of Europe, and to the Catholic historian alone. As Mr. Belloc says, "The Faith is Europe, and Europe is the Faith."

We have presented this cardinal assumption of Mr. Belloc's at some length because, unless it is steadily borne in mind, some of his most important contentions become exceedingly obscure. Now since his assumption is in no wise self-evident, it must be justified by the results which follow from it, and those results must not be inconsistent with other assumptions. In other words, Mr. Belloc's task is to show that his assumption is a necessary and sufficient condition for the explanation of the course of European history. It must be necessary, since the Faith is Europe, and it must be sufficient, since Europe is the Faith. If one only, or neither, of these conditions be fulfilled, Mr. Belloc will be shown to have "stooped" to the act of writing a Catholic Aspect of History. Now the most convinced opponent of Mr. Belloc's views of the historian's qualifications will probably agree instantly that an acquaintance with the Catholic Faith is necessary to writing a history of Europe, although he may not agree that the historian must be a Catholic. But the strangest part of Mr. Belloc's assumption is that he regards this condition as sufficient.

His chief contention is that the generally received account of the decline and fall of Rome and of the rise of the separate European nations, particularly Britain, is entirely misleading. Rome, for instance, was not overthrown by barbaric hordes sweeping in from places outside the central Empire. There never was a "fall" of Rome. What really happened was that a number of insurrectionary movements took place within the Empire. Alaric, for instance, a Roman general discontented with his salary and the terms of his commission, places himself at the head of a small disaffected Roman Army, and marches on Rome. What is true of Alaric is true of all other auxiliaries:

All that happened was an internal transformation of Roman society, in which the chief functions of local government fell to the heads of local auxiliary forces in the Roman Army. As these auxiliary forces were now mainly barbaric, so were the personalities of the new local governors.

Roman society was not destroyed, and no breach was made in the continuity of the main institutions of what was now the Western Christian world. The rise of the separate European nations is to be found in the decline of the old centralized Imperial Government and the substitution of local government. So much for Europe in general. In Britain, also, there was never any real decay of the Roman tradition. Certain pirate hordes did establish themselves on the East Coast, but they never dominated the country nor, indeed, did they seriously modify its institutions. St. Augustine used these petty barbaric courts to reconquer Britain for civilization, and in this way the speech of the barbarians became, very largely, the speech of Britain. But there was no Anglo-Saxon conquest, any more than there was a conquest of Rome. If we ask why historians generally give a different account of European history, Mr. Belloc answers that it is because they suffer from an anti-Catholic bias.

We may leave the historians to deal with this charge, and with the general picture of European history given by Mr. Belloc. We are more immediately concerned with Mr. Belloc's last link—the modern European consciousness. This he deduces directly from the catastrophe of the Reformation. The Reformation isolated the soul, and from this isolation sprang the rapid extension of physical science, Capitalism, the confusion of authority with mere force, the general growth of total wealth, scepticism and despair. The moral is that "Europe must return to the Faith, or she will perish." Now when confronted by this list we feel that Mr. Belloc, although a Catholic, has not understood European history, and that he does not understand the modern European consciousness. The modern scientific outlook may be traced back to Copernicus and Galileo, and it would be difficult to find a direct causative connection between their views on Astronomy and the Reformation, except in the merely banal sense that both movements questioned authority. Further, the authority of the Church was rightly questioned: the Church teaching was definitely wrong. The more Mr. Belloc associates the growth of physical science with a rebellion against the Church the more he justifies that rebellion. But, in truth, the rise of modern science is much more than a rebellion against the Catholic Faith, and its historic origins are of little importance compared with its present status and effect. And if Mr. Belloc understood that status and effect he would see how very unlikely it is that Europe will return to the Faith. Nor, if Europe perishes, will it be a mere consequence of that refusal.

Mr. Belloc has omitted, in his thesis, one very simple consideration. Can the results achieved by the—if he likes—rebellion against the Faith be accommodated by the Faith? In other words, have we to make a choice: the Faith, or certain things we know to be true? Is modern knowledge compatible with the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church?

J. W. N. S.

THE CASE OF MR. NEWTE

THE EXTRA LADY. By Horace W. C. Newte. (Mills & Boon. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE case of Mr. Horace W. C. Newte is a strange one. In spite of the fact that three million pairs of eyes devoured "Sparrows," "The Extra Lady" is, we confess, the first of his novels that we have read. Brilliant paper covers on the bookstalls satisfied our curiosity by telling us (so we imagined) all there was to know in their would-be ensnaring sub-titles—"The Story of an Unprotected Girl" or "The Story of a Tense Human Passion." These conjured up a vision of certain theatrical posters of provincial melodrama—girls in the act of being chloroformed and spirited away in malignant-looking cabs by auburn-haired villains in check riding breeches, or, in the case of that Tense Human Passion, two tailors' dummies—*en costume de bal*—embracing between a red lamp and a fan. But while we are aware that it is the fashion nowadays among our higher *intelligentsia* to find in these exhibitions something exquisitely amusing, we must confess, for our part, that to "discover" them deliberately does seem to us to take the edge off their humour. And so we have passed Mr. Newte by.

To read "The Extra Lady" is, however, to realize that its author cannot be dismissed as a maker of melodrama. For some not easily discoverable reason he has chosen to cloak, to partly disguise his remarkable talent in the "regulation get-up"; he is the professional writer as one speaks of the professional actor—the real right-down "pro" who knows the whole affair from A to Z and is never for a moment unconscious of his audience. And since what the great dependable public care about is "a good plot," a good sound plot they shall have with a happy ending at all costs—"quite regardless," in fact.

His performance is as good as his promise, but the affair, as they say, does not end there. Mr. Newte's talents come issuing forth from that stage ink-pot, they seize on that flowing pen and impose their will upon it. There are chapters, scenes, episodes in "The Extra Lady" when a whole peculiar world—the world of Mr. Newte the artist—is shadowed forth, and we are made astonishingly aware of his possession and knowledge of it. His strange, fantastic figures whose lives are spent in the corridors of life, in the dressing-rooms, at the stage-door, whose sole ambition is a good part, and yet whose reply to Mary's question to poor Lehel: "Are you on the stage?" would have to be his: "Infrequently—infrequently" . . . refuse to be kept within bounds. They talk, they weep, they drink too much, they spend half their lives trying to find somebody who will listen to the secret (which eats them away and is yet their pride) of how they went on the stage and yet need never have gone. They are terrified of the future, but it is never out of their sight. Dark, lean, impoverished, it follows on their heels; it has a trick of leaping and suddenly rushing forward.

If we followed Mr. Newte's plan of pointing the moral, we should say that "The Extra Lady" proved the danger of selfishness when it is carried too far—it may be a form of weakness, an indulgence which will be the ruin of the lives it sets out to save.

But a fig for Mr. Newte's plan! Why can he not leave the moral alone? What he has very nearly succeeded in doing is giving us an imaginative study of a girl called Mary Bray, who is persuaded that she owes it to her family to go on the stage to "keep the home together," and who spends all the best years of her life gradually, terribly, giving way, learning the boundless extent of her folly and its everlasting consequences, and in the process becoming unfitted either to withstand those consequences or to accept them. If he had left her on

the side of the road, crying bitterly, holding her shabby collapsible basket. . . .

How dare that motor-car come along with its eighty thousand a year inside—how dare it! We should understand Mr. Newte if we knew.

K. M.

FISHING AS A FINE ART

THE TRAGIC BRIDE. By F. Brett Young. (Secker. 9s. net.)

AFTER reading "The Young Physician" in the winter of last year we were left with the feeling that the author's next novel would be very "significant"; it would show, it could not help showing which way he was going to travel and the degree to which he cared whether it was a question of his readers showing him the direction they preferred him to take. Did he realize how well he had described the relations between the small boy and his mother? There was, under that apparent simplicity, what appeared to be a very honest, sincere attempt to face the great difficulty which presents itself to the writers of to-day—which is to find their true expression and to make it adequate to the new fields of experience. That Mr. Young did not succeed in this attempt did not surprise us. But what he did put a keen edge on our anticipation of the next time.

Well, the next time has come and we are positively flung into the air along with the author, his line, bait, reel and all. What has happened? What waters are these to be fished? Let us, if we are after the tragic bride, be cast. But no! Our state is one of suspension from beginning to end. "The Tragic Bride" is a fisherman's reverie; and, fascinating as that may be to the fisherman, rich enough, complete enough to need no excuse; though he may return from it with the memory of a day's exploration to satisfy him, we, who have been promised fish—wonderful enchanted fishes—are brought to the point of exasperation.

If we had not been prepared so carefully for a prize most rare! But the opening pages are full of nothing but such preparation. If we had been given a hint that after all the outing might have to be "all," even then we should not have felt cheated. But to follow and to follow and to follow—to listen, to attend, to be ever watchful, and then to have the chase complicated wilfully—so we feel by this time—is too much for the reader to bear. We remain Mr. Brett Young's disappointed and disheartened admirers.

K. M.

LADY ADELA. By Gerald Gould, with Drawings by Will Dyson. (Cecil Palmer. 3s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Gould's stories are rather like reports of speeches by a very clever President of the Oxford Union: each little facet of each little gem reflects little gleams tirelessly. Mr. Gould is not qualified to impel the masses to fury and song; but humble though his lyre is, he knows how to tune it. Lady Adela is one of those patricians who travel third class for the sake of harrying the "lower orders." Her opinions on art, the theory of government, Imperial Preference, "making the Hun pay," and so on, are interpreted with loving care, while Mr. Gould also finds space for an appreciation of Sir Basil Thomson's department at Scotland Yard. That enemy of the capitalist, Mr. Will Dyson, as might be expected, catches the mood accurately in his illustrations. It is not a great book. Perhaps it is not even a good book. Like the flowers on the cliffs of Mr. Masfield's island, the volume "was all one gleam and glitter." But though these pages do not rouse us to noble enthusiasm, they give a distinct pleasure of an inefficacious sort.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

FIVE YEARS' HELL IN A COUNTRY PARISH. By the Rev. E. F. Synnott. (Stanley Paul. 5s. net.)—Mr. Synnott's experiences have been rather paradoxical. Once, as a member of the R.I.C., he "spent six of the happiest years of his life." Later on, in what should have been the tranquillity of his Sussex parish, he endured the five years' hell which he now describes. We believe this paradox to be on the surface only. For the darker side of Sussex village communities our own knowledge enables us to speak. There was the outspoken parson, with his glebe farm, his fierce imperialism and his filthy shooting jacket: there was the lady of the hall, with her secret influences, her leanings towards Rome and her sense of stained-glass propriety. Parson moved into the pulpit, lady swept out of the church; here, the Gott-mit-uns chin; there, tense aquilinity. Thus raged the civil war. Mr. Synnott at Rusper, with his skill with the gloves, his taste in horseflesh, and his amazingly straight sermons, met with an enemy of the most powerful kind. Upsetting, deliberately or otherwise, a whole multitude of established notions, working his farm and reading the church service in a manner not sufficiently melancholy, he was attacked with all the weapons that parish slander possesses; and eventually, not long after he had announced in public that Mr. Bottomley was England's lay Archbishop, he found himself on his trial at the Consistory Court. He won; and more, he retains his living. We read him, therefore, as a man of spirit above his fellows; and now, having perused his sharp comments on the past, his witty brevities and pertinent quotations, we can hope with him that he will be able to write presently "Five Years' Heaven in a Country Parish."

THE EARLY ENGLISH COTTON HISTORY. By G. W. Daniels, M.A. Introductory Chapter by George Unwin, M.A. (Manchester University Press; London, Longmans. 8s. 6d. net.)—In one of Messrs. M'Connel's mills at Ancoats the author of this work found not only ledgers and letter-books for the period 1795-1835, but all the firm's correspondence carefully endorsed and dated, as if, says Professor Unwin, the firm from the first had foreseen the lively interest which their achievements would excite in the economic historian of the future. A study of the British cotton history, the largest of the world's textile trades, has much more than a special interest. It throws a necessary light on economic history, illustrating the formation of classes, the development of commercial and industrial organizations, and the changes and growth of national economic policies. The Lancashire cotton trade has this embracing character. Mr. Daniels describes the organization of the industry in Lancashire before the coming of the factory and the rise of the new cotton manufacture, the way in which employers were connected with their workers, and the revolution which followed the inventions of James Hargreaves, Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton. A chapter is devoted to the fortunes of the last-named, together with some hitherto unpublished letters written by that remarkable workman. Mr. Daniels' researches make a valuable addition to social and industrial history.

POEMS: 1912-1919. By Gilbert Thomas. (Swarthmore Press. 5s. net.)—We have heard the mavis singing, but we believe there were other minstrels in the same wood. We have presented our fair friends with crimson roses, but *autres temps autres couleurs*. For us, the solemn hush of the evening has been broken by the bee's low hum—not to mention the bat, the owl, the sheepbell, the nightjar, the cockchafer, the roundabouts at the town end and many other trifles. But why do poets in their fine frenzy never hear another bird but the thrush, never see uncrimson roses, never notice the crickets in the bakehouse?

"Ignorance, ma'am, pure ignorance." We supply a famous answer. Mr. Thomas is not, on the whole, attempting nature-verse; so far so good: but when he endeavours to colour an interpretation of mood with some evidence of actual intensity he lightly turns to the stage-properties which are now so shabby that their end must be at hand. If there were not a neatness and saving grace in his best work, especially the sonnets, he would not be mentioned here.

FLASHLIGHTS FROM AFAR. By R. Gordon Canning. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)—This unconventional war-book is a mixture of *staccato* notes, queries, half-poems, and real rhyming verses. Wherever the author has attempted form and regularity he has had difficulty, and his raw material has been mislaid in the process. That same raw material, thrown at random into the pages of a notebook, is worth all the verses and more. It is surprising how little has been written on such details of the Western front as these: "November 17, 1914. A horn blows, and from behind a farm building, from the woods, pour lines of grey-coated soldiers, clean as on church parade, rifle at the high port and with shining bayonets. They come at the slow double to within one hundred yards. Three bursts of rapid fire from the old Regular Army, and the lines break, another and they have withered away." And Monchy: "The walls of houses crumble before one, the paved street shoots upward to the clouds, horses fall groaning to the ground, great jets of blood spouting from their gaping wounds; men fearful, waiting." It is curious that these spasmodic details reconstruct the scene so completely.

MIRACLES WHICH HAPPEN. By Arthur Pannell, B.D. With an Introduction by Alfred Caldecott, D.Litt., D.D. (Nisbet. 6s. net.)—This eminently sane study of the miracles of healing which were performed by Christ, the apostles and the saints, with allusions to the miracles connected with other religions, as, for example, the marvellous cures effected at the shrines of Apollo or in the presence of Apollonius of Tyana, makes an excellent case for the modern opinion that these phenomena can often be explained as early instances of psycho-therapy, and need not all be dismissed as inventions. Mr. Pannell does not suppose such miracles to be peculiar to any one religion, modern or ancient; his view is that faith of some sort, together with the concomitant power of suggestion, provides the clue. Whether the saints, after the chaff they have sustained from M. Anatole France and others, would be grateful for Mr. Pannell's championship, with his implied statement that the word "miracle" may now be put in inverted commas, is a doubtful question. Moreover the author, as he himself shows, has passed lightly by those miracles which are not miracles of healing. But clearly, if Christian dogma is to survive, the miracles will have to be rejected, explained away or reinstated. Mr. Pannell indicates very soberly the lines on which he would like to deal with this troublesome problem.

ANIMATED CARTOONS. By E. G. Lutz. (Chapman & Hall. 12s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Lutz believes that visual instruction by films must be adopted for educational purposes, the cinematograph becoming the chief school apparatus. By animated cartoons he means any drawings made for synthesis on the picture screen. He describes how these drawings are made and their use and application; recounts the history of cinematography, particularly in its relation to screen drawings; discusses human movements and their depiction by drawings that give the visual synthesis of life, and instructs artists on the sketching of successive phases of limb and trunk movements. He suggests the interesting possibility of putting the "Origin of Species" on the screen. The volume is generously illustrated.

MARGINALIA

IN 1784 James Macpherson was forty-eight years old. He had a safe seat in Parliament and a secret pension from the Government of five hundred pounds a year, besides other more openly avowed stipends, in return for which he organized, not without ability, the campaigns, offensive and defensive, of the government newspapers. He interested himself in his spare time in East Indian affairs. A sure Scottish business instinct, as well as a philanthropic desire to help the oppressed, had led him to espouse the interests of the ruler of Arcot against the rapacity of the nabobs of the India Company. He had a villa in Putney and a town house in Norfolk Street, Strand, with a handsome coach to travel in between the two. His imposing stature and floridly handsome features made him a great success with the ladies; a bachelor, he was the father of five children by as many different mothers. All things considered, you could not hope to meet a happier or more prosperous man. But happiness is never without alloy. A shadow brooded over the Scotsman's past, a Spectre haunted his house and, when everything seemed at its rosiest, would suddenly start playing at peep-bo round the doors, grinning significantly and disquietingly at the parvenu from Badenoch. And it was precisely in this year 1784 that the Spectre made one of its most alarming demonstrations. A letter arrived one morning: a number of Scottish gentlemen in the service of the East India Company had banded together to implore the translator of Ossian, for whom they expressed their admiration and esteem in extravagant terms, to satisfy the desires of his countrymen by publishing the Gaelic originals of the pieces. In practical furtherance of the scheme they had collected a thousand pounds, which was duly enclosed in the letter. A deputation of these nabobs was, moreover, anxious to attend on the great man at his earliest possible convenience.

* * * *

Could anything have been more provoking? Macpherson replied almost petulantly that he was "sorry the gentlemen should think of giving themselves the trouble of waiting upon me, as a ceremony of that kind is altogether superfluous and unnecessary. I shall adhere to the promise I made several years ago . . . that is, to employ my first leisure time, and a considerable portion of time it must be to do it accurately, in arranging and printing the originals of the Poems of Ossian, as they have come into my hands. Funds having been established for the expense, there can be no excuse, but want of leisure, for not commencing the work in a very few months." What pests these people were! Couldn't a man be left in peace to do his journalism, to write his continuations of Hume's history and his reflections on the Celts, to make money out of feeble governments and oppressed black men? He had offered to publish those wretched originals years ago, and there had been no subscribers to the scheme. Now he had forgotten most of the little Gaelic he ever knew, and the work of copying, emending and occasionally (to put the matter brutally) inventing the Gaelic text would be a formidable labour. What a pest these people were!

* * * *

Poor Macpherson! His is surely the oddest, the most melancholy fate of any literary man of whom we have record. In the ardent early twenties of his life he had written verses of his own:

Upraised aloft the light reflexive blade
Sings through the air and cleaves the Saxon's head . . .
He gasping falls and shakes the thundering ground,
And dying toss'd his quivering limbs around.
Thus falls an oak, etcetera.

Of these early flights some were not published till much

later, and then only by hostile critics anxious to discredit the translator of "Fingal"; others appeared at the time and were greeted by the critics as "a tissue of fustian and absurdity," which indeed they were. What a mortification it must have been for a young man of spirit to find himself an object of interest as the translator of barbarous old clap-trap and an object of contempt as the author of original and elegant poetry! Blair and Home (author of "Douglas," and Shakespeare of the North) had to push and pull Macpherson into Ossianic fame. For a long time he resisted, planting his feet like an ass and refusing to budge. But at last they coaxed and forced him into undertaking the job of resuscitating the mythical Bard. Reluctantly—and how well one can understand his reluctance!—he set to work, translating as best he could from a language which he only imperfectly understood, fitting a mass of fragments into the systematic epical whole conceived of in the glowing professorial imagination of Blair. He hated the task; all that could be said of it was that it was better than being a charity schoolmaster or a tutor in a gentleman's family. And so he plodded on obstinately, pouring forth his pseudo-Biblical prose, with its romping rhythms, in an endless monotonous stream.

* * * *

His boring task completed, Macpherson went to London to have his epics published. He was only thoroughly converted to Ossian by the prodigious and immediate success of the translations. Ossian's cash value was twelve hundred pounds in a couple of years; obviously, there must be something in the old creature, and, obviously, something in his translator. The effect of success upon him seems to have been prompt and deplorable. In 1761 Hume calls him "a sensible, modest young Fellow, a very good Scholar, and of unexceptionable Morals." By 1763 he is writing of Macpherson's "absurd pride and caprice," and calls him "so strange and heteroclit a mortal, than whom I have scarce ever known a man more perverse and unamiable."

* * * *

The success of "Fingal" and "Temora" opened for Macpherson the gates to political and financial success. He would have been glad to allow Ossian to slide into oblivion. But the Spectre he had inadvertently raised haunted him all the rest of his life. The world would not let him be, for it had been profoundly moved by the maundering voice of the bard on Mount Lora. For Madame de Staël Ossian was the very type of Northern as opposed to Southern poetry. Werther preferred him to Homer. Napoleon carried an annotated Italian version with him on all his campaigns. Bernadotte called his son Oscar after one of the characters in the epic, so that Ossian has become the ghostly godfather of a whole dynasty of Swedish monarchs. Chateaubriand compared himself to the bard, when he was a wanderer in America. Ossian, says Lamartine, was "the Homer of my early years." It was Ossianism that first introduced the tartan into the continent of Europe. Scott confirmed it in its taste, but Ossian was without doubt originally responsible for the tartan wall-papers and carpets, tartan fashions for children of the early eighteen hundreds—a vogue that still lingers in Germany and Belgium. It was from Cesarotti's blank-verse translation of Macpherson's prose that Alfieri, the young Piedmontese barbarian, learned Tuscan and the arts of poetry. One could go on multiplying indefinitely the details of the fantastic story. Macpherson's reluctantly executed hack-work moved the whole civilized world to its heart. It took fifty or sixty years before the magic had completely evaporated out of Ossian. To-day we can only find him evapourously unreadable.

AUTOLYCUS.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

A HUMOROUS article recently appeared in the daily press purporting to explain Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's views upon literary collaboration between persons of different sex; and "The Black Knight" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), of which she and Mr. Crosbie Garstin are joint authors, seems to embody the kind of compromise which she there suggested as likely to be arrived at in such cases. This work is divided into two nearly equal portions, of which the first is concerned with the hero's adventures as harvester, lumberman, and what not, in Canada. In the second, we renew our acquaintance with a delightful girl who, under various names, has already figured in several novels by Mrs. Sidgwick, and see her wooed by Mr. Garstin's young man (as we take him to be) on lines which the heroes of those novels invariably, and with the happiest results, pursued. This division into watertight compartments plays havoc naturally with the unities, but, notwithstanding, makes its own effect. The Canadian section is well above the average of its class, and the heroine's spirited behaviour on finding herself unexpectedly in most objectionable company has all its familiar charm, as likewise the process of her rescue, in which the ex-emigrant, as of right, sustains a leading part.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has found an appropriate setting for his graceful romance "The Courtship of Prince Charming" (Collins, 7s. 6d. net) in Offland, a country, we should judge, closely contiguous to Ruritania. At its opening we find the royal hero setting forth in a somewhat critical spirit to inspect the princess officially chosen for his bride. So far we are following a well-established convention, but Mr. Moore introduces a distinctive feature when he allows the prince to be captured en route by brigands who hold him to ransom. His captivity proves less onerous and less of a bar to his courtship than he at first sees reason to expect, and the curtain is rung down by wedding bells. The dialogue is often enlivened with a pleasant seasoning of humour, but the occasional topical allusions are, perhaps, in rather doubtful taste.

"The Black Peril," by George Webb Hardy (Daniel, 7s. 6d. net), appears now in a second edition, and internally bears tokens of having been completed some years ago. It is described on the front page as "An autobiographical Story." Its hero, Raymond Chesterfield, is a journalist who takes Labouchere and Stead for his models. "Zutal," the scene of his activities, supplies him with abundant material for a study of the subject indicated in his title. So far as its worst aspect is concerned, we must give him credit for having treated a singularly repulsive theme with as little offence as is humanly possible. He admits the existence of a very real danger, much increased by a system under which black men-servants enter a lady's bedroom without knocking, and play nursemaid to her little girls. He further glances at the possibility that, in a small minority of instances, the white woman may be responsible for something more than mere negligence. On the native question generally, his views are broad and far from pessimistic, and he is by no means inclined to conclude that his countrymen must necessarily be always in the wrong. The free expression of his opinions, however, or his application of them to individuals, brings him into collision with the civil authority, the result being two months' imprisonment. The writing is often interesting and sometimes picturesque, and in other respects also strictly characteristic of Raymond's profession.

"The King of Ireland's Son," by Padraic Colum (Harrap, 7s. 6d. net), is, we suppose, intended as a gift-book for young people, a purpose to which its pleasant type and attractive illustrations are undoubtedly favourable. Its heaviness in the hand—a serious bar to easy reading—is indeed the only external defect, but it is not possible to pronounce so definitely on the inner content. This we can only describe as a jumble of stories extracted from Irish folk-lore, and having for the most part no natural connection with each other. Many of the tales here included are already familiar to us, and all have the fantastic charm, and something also of the irritating inconsequence, which we are wont to associate with the Celtic imagination. Drawing on our own recollection, we should say that if taken in minute detachments they may afford much pleasure to childish readers.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE *Eclectic Review* and *Literary Chronicle* admitted to their columns articles upon John Keats, in which the proportion of praise to blame was as that of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The *Literary Gazette* during 1820 contented itself with giving some extracts from the "Ode to a Nightingale" and others of the minor poems. After a reference to the "nonsense that Mr. Keats, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley, and some other poets about town, have been talking of 'the beautiful mythology of Greece,'" the *Eclectic* critic exclaims:

Mr. Keats, seemingly, can think or write of scarcely anything else than the "happy pieties" of Paganism. A Grecian Urn throws him into an ecstasy; . . . and his fancy having thus got the better of his reason, we are the less surprised at the oracle which the Urn is made to utter:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

That is, all that Mr. Keats knows or cares to know.—But till he knows much more than this, he will never write verses fit to live.

The true cause of Mr. Keats's failure is, not the want of talent, but the misdirection of it. . . Mr. Keats, we doubt not, *has* attachments and virtuous feelings, and we would fain hope, notwithstanding the silly expressions which would justify a presumption to the contrary, that he is a Christian; if he is not, it will matter very little to him in a few years what else he may or may not be. We will, however, take it for granted that he is an amiable and well-principled young man; and then we have but one piece of advice to offer him on parting, namely, to let it appear in his future productions (*Eclectic Review*, September, 1820).

The notice of Keats's "Lamia," etc., in the *Literary Chronicle*, July 29, 1820, included the following passages:

. . . we will, at Midsummer instead of Christmas, offer Mr. Keats our wishes, and whether they may be agreeable or not, we assure him they are sincere. First, then, we wish that he would renounce all acquaintance with our metropolitan poets. Secondly, that he would entirely abandon their affected school, instead of being a principal supporter of it; and, exiling himself for twelve months to North Wales or the Highlands of Scotland, trust to nature's ever-varying scene and his own talents. And, lastly, until he does all this, we wish that he would never write any poem of more than an hundred verses at the utmost. . . "Lamia" and "Isabella," and the "Eve of St. Agnes," have some fine passages, but we can award them no higher praise. Among the minor poems, many of which possess considerable merit, the following appears to be the best: ["Ode on a Grecian Urn"] . . . We confess this volume has disappointed us; from Mr. Keats's former productions, we had augured better things, and we are confident he can do better; let him avoid all sickly affectation on one hand, and unintelligible quaintness on the other. Let him avoid coining new words, and give us the English language as it is taught and written in the nineteenth century, and he will have made considerable progress towards improvement. These poems contain many beautiful passages, but they are too thickly strewn with the faults we have noticed, to entitle them to more than a very qualified approval.

Clearly, a slogan had been sounded—"Leigh Hunt is the enemy. Go for him!" And the animus against the editor of the *Examiner* extended to his protégés. Hunt had been released in 1815, at the end of his full term of imprisonment for libelling the Prince Regent; but he was not forgiven. In return he was a hard hitter. His brother's paper dated Sunday, June 14, 1818, contained a scathing attack upon "The Editor of the *Quarterly Review*" (William Gifford):

This little person is a considerable catspaw: and so far worthy of some slight notice. He is the *Government Critic*, a character nicely differing from that of a Government spy—an invisible link, that connects literature with the police. It is his business to keep a strict eye over all writers who differ in opinion with his Majesty's Ministers, and to measure their standards and attainments by the standard of their civility and meanness. For this office he is well qualified.—The Editor of the *Quarterly Review* is also Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners; and whenever an author comes before him in the one capacity, with whom he is not acquainted in the other, he knows how to deal with him. . . He is under the protection of the Court. . . Mr. Giffard [*sic*] is not a man of genius.

In the *Quarterly* of September, 1820, appeared, as we have seen, Croker's article, which had been written for the previous April. Leigh Hunt's offensiveness to the ruling caste was aggravated by the circumstance that the *Examiner* week by week, during the summer of that year, vehemently, fearlessly and persistently championed the cause of the Queen. A mystery has sometimes been made of the "dead set" at the Leigh Hunt coterie. But there is no mystery at all. The explanation is to be found in two words: Court influence.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, September 11, 1920.

BELFAST, it seems, has something to contribute to the world besides ships, linen, tobacco and bigotry. I have received a copy of the *Red Hand Magazine*, a new shilling monthly published in Belfast, which aims at becoming a focus for the literary talent of Ulster. Belfast needs some guidance in matters of literary criticism. Mr. Aodh de Blacam, himself an Ulsterman—who, by the way, is to produce this autumn a new novel the scene of which is laid in part among the London Irish, a hitherto unexploited field of fiction—tells a story of a good soul, of the type which talks of "the works of Le Queux," who saw a play of Bernard Shaw's in Belfast and accorded it the high praise that it was "worthy of Dickens at his best." The *Red Hand Magazine* is going to change all that. Its first number is promising, though it smacks a little too much of provincial egotism and of the stage Ulsterman popularized by Sir Edward Carson, as legendary a person as the stage Irishman popularized by Lever. Professor MacNeill contributes an essay on Ulster history which is a useful corrective. Another contribution is made by Captain J. R. White, of Larkinite fame, who commits himself to the opinion that Ulster is destined to be the source of the world's regeneration, as "the Western focus of the forces of the Spirit of God." The new venture, I gather, is intended to serve more especially as the mouthpiece of the "advanced" Intellectuals of Belfast, so that, apart from the normal risks attendant upon such a venture in Ireland, it must contemplate the risk also of having its editor thrown into the Lagan and its offices burned. It is not quite alone, however, in its hope of taming by art the savagery of Belfast. Mr. Thomas Quinlan, invited by the Belfast authorities to cancel the booking of the Ulster Hall for his concerts on the ground of its occupation by the military, has refused to do so. He is prepared to "guarantee all artists unarmed, without provocative colours on their persons," and suggests that they will quell all disturbance in Belfast, since "Ireland has never refused to listen to the voice of minstrelsy."

Is the Abbey Theatre reverting to the traditional countryside play, after all its efforts to break away from this deadening influence? The question is prompted by the production this week of "The Drifters," a new play in two acts by Frank J. Hugh O'Donnell—not to be confused with the late Frank Hugh O'Donnell, the historian of the Irish Parliamentary Party. First-night audiences at the Abbey are generous if critical, and there were calls for "author" at the fall of the curtain; but it has rarely been my misfortune to see a more lifeless play. The action—so far as there is any—passes in the Midlands near the Connacht line, and the theme is the threadbare one of the match-making system of the farming community and the tragedy of disappointed love. Upon this theme perform certain puppets, which, if one catches the author's intention at all, are supposed to look like figures of Greek tragedy, but are far more like figures of fun. Not only is the play weak in construction—Mr. O'Donnell should study the distinction between pathos and bathos—but it is quite untrue to life. As a fact, marriage bargaining is going very rapidly out of fashion in the Irish countryside; and does the rural Ireland of to-day give a man no better inspiration than that of the "drift" which is certainly not its modern characteristic? The players made the most of their material, but they lacked some of the best of their number, including Sara Allgood and Arthur Shields, who are rehearsing Lennox Robinson's "The Whiteheaded Boy" for revival in London. The Abbey is to produce shortly another new play which has attracted a good deal of attention in advance. It is written by a schoolmaster, and deals with the vexed question of Irish education. Certain critics who have seen the MS. question certain passages which touch upon clerical influence, and hint at another "Playboy" riot. The author, however, stoutly maintains that the play contains nothing in the least offensive. So we are promised an interesting first night.

M. Maurice Bourgeois, author of a monumental appreciation of Synge, is at present on a visit to Dublin, charged on behalf of the French Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts to collect miscellaneous material on the history of Ireland since 1914 for the French National War Library. He invites contributions from all and sundry for this purpose. M. Bourgeois assures us that "his mission is purely scientific and historical in character—not political." Poor M. Bourgeois!

W. B. W.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

ONE of the most curious figures in our literature is John Taylor, the Water Poet, on whom the D.N.B. makes the following mistaken comment: "As literature his books—many of them coarse and brutal—are contemptible." A sounder judgment will be found in Southey's "Uneducated Poets." His earlier works were collected in 1630 in one extraordinary volume, comprising 600 pages, from four different presses, many double-columned, filled with every sort of verse in small print. This volume is now offered by Mr. Francis Edwards at £8 10s. In the same catalogue, No. 405, a magnificent manuscript of John Lydgate's "The Fall of Princes," XVth century, is priced £425. Here, too, is "Polyolbion," 1622 (£28). Mrs. Eliza Haywood is familiar in recent catalogues; for her "Secret Histories, Novels, and Poems," 4 vols., 1725-32, Mr. Edwards asks £3. Prynne's "Histrio-Mastix," 1633, in which he maintains that "Popular Stage-Players are Sinful, Heathenish, Lewde, &c.," and for which he was fined £5,000 and lost his ears in the pillory, commands attention at £12 10s. An "Oratio in Laudem Belli," published at Ypres in 1531, is marked £3 10s.

Messrs. Dobell's catalogue (No. 294) is for the less wealthy collector. Many presentation copies at low prices are included, together with an interesting collection of general literature. A first edition of Horne's farthing epic, "Orion," is offered at 4s. 6d.; Hone's "Poor Humphrey's Calendar for 1829," with a signed inscription by him, at 5s. Indeed, the most expensive volume among them is Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke's "Certaine learned and elegant Workes, written in his youth," 1633, for which Messrs. Dobell ask six guineas.

Several modern MSS. distinguish the 190th catalogue of Messrs. Hefner, of Cambridge, from which may be mentioned also first editions of "Virginibus Puerisque," "Familiar Studies," "Prince Otto," and other works by Stevenson; W. H. Ireland's "Life of Napoleon," 4 vols., 1823-27, a remarkable copy, and priced at £72; and Blake's "Illustrations of the Book of Job," 1826 (£30).

Lastly, the list of Mr. Harold Hill, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, includes art and miscellaneous items ranging from a collection of fifty coloured aquatints by Ziegler, after L. Jansch, at £110, to James Gillman's "Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," vol. i., 1838 (6s.). No more was published.

Among the books recently added to the Library of the British Museum the following are of special interest:—Nicolaus Perottus, *Regulae grammaticales*, Apud s. Iacobum de Ripoli, Florence [1477?].—*Zeichen der falschen Gulden in Niederland gemacht*, Anton Sorg, Augsburg, c. 1480. A single sheet, containing descriptions and woodcut representations of base coin.—*Felinus Maria Sandeus, Additiones ad principium ab Abbate opus in Decretum, Sermo de indulgentia plenaria, Tractatus quando litterae apostolicae noceant patronis*. Three tracts in large folio, all printed at an anonymous press in Pisa about 1485.—*Year Books of Edward IV.*, years 1, 3-9, the first and last printed about 1492, and the rest about 1496, by Richard Pynson. The first is a variant differing only in the headlines from a copy already in the Museum. All are extremely rare.—*Bernardus Clareuallensis, De concordantia statuum religiosorum, De dispensatione et praecepto*, Felix [Baligault, Paris], c. 1495.—*Turisanus de Turisanis, Plusquam commentum in Microtegni Galieni*, etc., Bonetus Locatellus for O. Scotus, Venice, 1498.—*Seneca, Las epistolae con vna summa de philosophia moral fecha por Leonardo Aretino*, Pedro Hagembach, Toledo, 1502.—*Ramón Lull, Blanquerna estampat en llengua Valenciana*, etc., Johan Joffre, Valencia, 1521. An early edition of the Catalan version of this famous book.—*Gamaliel, traduzido en lengua Castellana* [by J. de Molina], D. de Robertis, Seville, 1536. With woodcuts.—William Caxton, The boke named the Royall, Richarde Pynson [1507]. This differs from De Worde's issue already in the Museum only in having Pynson's name substituted in the colophon and his device on the last page. Imperfect.—*Catharine of Sienna, Life of Sainte Katheryne*, Jhon Waley, c. 1550.

Among the binding exhibits in the King's Library may now be seen a copy of the Shelley Society's reprint of "Adonais" in a very fine gold-tooled morocco binding executed by Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson in 1888, and recently presented by him to the Museum.

LITERARY GOSSIP

The name of Miguel Unamuno, if not his works, must be known to most readers of THE ATHENÆUM. His collected essays (published by the Residencia de Estudiantes) were noticed briefly in these pages some months ago. His "Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho," his novels, his "Sentimiento trágico de la vida," and his interesting Sonnets have made him one of the foremost of Spanish writers and thinkers. In addition to this, he was until lately Rector of one of the oldest universities in the world—Salamanca. If he has a weakness, it is his passion for Englishmen.

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We are extremely puzzled, therefore, to read that he has been condemned to two terms of imprisonment, each of eight years and a day. The report of the trial has not been published; but the charge is that of *lèse majesté*. The story, and the sentence, sound too Gilbertian to be true; we hope it is all an ingenious device for allowing King Alfonso the graceful gesture of a royal pardon. We can only remark once more the obstacles and annoyances to which men who work for intellectual progress are subjected by militarist governments.

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The announcement that the famous publishing house of Cassell is to be sold to a big newspaper "combine" awakes in us a feeling of regret. Of course, it is futile and sentimental. One cannot fight against the inevitabilities of economics. "Cassell's" is not, indeed, one of the pedigree houses like Murray's and Longman's; but it was the outcome of a characteristically Victorian endeavour.

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John Cassell, the founder of the firm, began his successful career as the vendor of teas and coffees at popular prices. He was probably the first grocer to advertise these commodities, as we now understand advertisement. "Buy Cassell's Shilling Coffee" was the legend of the forties. Then he launched out as journalist and newspaper proprietor with the *Working Man's Friend* in 1850. The *Popular Educator* and *Cassell's Magazine* followed. Undoubtedly by these publications Cassell really helped on working-class education. And his weekly *Family Paper*, with its fine illustrations, achieved a deserved success.

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From there it was a short step to the publication of famous works of literature such as "Don Quixote" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" in weekly parts. It is fairly in the tradition of the firm that it should have had a hand in the publication of Mr. Wells' "History." In 1859 the present house, Cassell, Petter & Galpin, was founded; and its literary fame was established in the eyes of a later generation by the publication of many of the works of R. L. Stevenson.

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The publishers' practice of sending descriptive paragraphs of their forthcoming books to editors is in theory admirable. In practice, these paragraphs tend to become less and less useful to the editor and his public. An increasing number of them nowadays, instead of giving a straightforward account of the contents of the book, are couched in extravagant language which no self-respecting editor would ever admit into his pages.

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The consequence is that he gets into the habit of putting these advance paragraphs straight into the waste-paper basket. They give him none of the information that he does want, and a very great deal of puffery that he doesn't. He cannot waste time over them. It is a pity that a good custom should be thus corrupted; and I think that if those publishers who have grown careless in this matter were to

try the effect of supplying a perfectly straightforward account of their new books, they would achieve much better practical results.

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One paragraph in particular which lately met my eye on its way to the waste-paper basket has moved me to this admonition. It begins with an exaggerated account of the story of the new novel which it advertises; and goes on to describe the author: "For some time he was private secretary to —, the famous sculptor, who engaged him with a caution not to make love to his models, as previous secretaries had done. Consequently Mr. — was very careful to observe the noble example of his saintly namesake—St. Anthony!"

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The effect of this precious stuff on the mind of an editor is obvious. He knows that the author was largely responsible for that paragraph; he must have supplied the facts, if they are facts. Besides, no publisher would dream of circulating them without the author's permission. Probably, the author himself wrote the paragraph. And the editor comes immediately to the conclusion that his novel is worthless. That is, no doubt, a summary verdict; but an editor has to be summary. All that has been achieved by the tactless paragraph is that an ineradicable prejudice has been created in the mind of one editor against the author it was intended to serve.

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That brings us back to the main point. It is an open secret that in many cases the author writes the advance note on his book. That is excellent, in so far as he knows most about it. But, since the secret is known, the indiscretions which may be due to the publisher are ascribed to the author. An editor becomes less and less inclined to say: "Oh, but that's not his fault!" He feels that even if the author did not write it, he condoned it. Therefore I strongly advise a return to the plain unvarnished style in the composition of the advance paragraph. There was a time when a little audacity made an impression. Nowadays, it is the book which is simply described that sticks in the editor's mind.

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Mr. Fisher Unwin announces the republication of Mr. H. G. Wells's "Boon, the Mind of the Race," originally published under a transparent disguise in 1915. Whatever doubts there may have been are now at an end, for Mr. Wells on the new title-page states that he is "in truth the author of the entire book."

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One of the finest of its kind, the Bulletin of the John Rylands Library continues to be original and interesting. No. 5 includes a study of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Professor C. H. Herford, than which I have read no more illuminating article on the poet. The "Faun of genius," says Professor Herford, "as he seems under one aspect, compounded with the Quixotic adventurer, as he seems under another, meet in one of the supreme literary artists of the Latin race."

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Reference was made in these notes last week to the unusual format of some volumes of poetry. Unusual in another way is a collection of nine poems by Louis Le Cardonnell, lately published at Paris by "La Connaissance." On large paper, the poems (eight of them previously inedited) are entirely reproduced from the author's manuscripts, in the most beautiful fashion. I have often imagined that this arrangement might prove not only delightful but even profitable for all books of verse by well-known writers; though there are handwritings and handwritings, and the verses are in the first place intended to be read.

Science

INDUSTRIAL PSYCHOLOGY

LECTURES ON INDUSTRIAL ADMINISTRATION. Edited by B. Muscio. (Pitman. 6s. net.)

THIS volume contains a selection of lectures delivered at Cambridge last summer, where a school was held under the general direction of Dr. C. S. Myers, F.R.S., for the study of certain problems of industrial management, mainly from the psychological point of view. The value of these lectures lies not only in the application of the most recent psychological methods to the various problems raised, but also in their recognition of the changing relations between Capital and Labour as a factor which both psychology and industry must take into account. Thus, Professor T. H. Pear, who compresses into a few pages an admirable exposition of the conclusions so far reached by students of social psychology, insists that the solution of industrial unrest will not be found by expecting from the workers a continuance of that sentiment of public duty which, during the war, was strong enough to override "complexes" of many years' standing. These complexes have grown out of the relations between Capital and Labour, and will only be resolved when the settlement of differences, postponed by the outbreak of war, has been effected. But, as Dr. Myers points out in his own lecture on "Industrial Overstrain and Unrest," the settlement itself has been rendered more difficult by the prevalent fatigue, which causes the pre-war emotions of resentment against industrial injustice to be revived in a greatly intensified form.

One of Dr. Myers' observations opens up a very interesting field of reflection. He suggests that the perpetual recriminations between employers and employed are to be explained by the existence of a "defensive mechanism." Each party, knowing that its record is far from faultless, hardens itself unconsciously against self-reproach by indicting the other. Is it conceivable that the same mechanism is responsible for the ultra-feminist demands in industry so frequently heard since the war? Certainly they imply an ignorance which cannot be wholly sincere of the harm done in the past to industrial solidarity by the failure of women to organize their labour adequately. If the acerbity and unreason with which women's demands are urged covers a certain self-reproach, the other element in them—a recklessness of the consequences of sex war in industry—may conceal another "repression," and the energy with which middle-class women in particular pursue the cause of equality may mask an unconscious desire to strengthen the established order by dividing the forces of revolt.

The tendency of the lectures as a whole is to emphasize, what other treatments of the subjects, such as Dr. Amar's (reviewed on August 20), often overlook, that no scheme of industrial settlement and no system of industrial management, however scientific on the material side, can succeed if they ignore the psychology of the workers. If, to-day, an appeal for increased output on patriotic grounds will barely excite interest, much less enthusiasm, the main reason is that under the present industrial system control and responsibility are essentially the employers'. Profit-sharing and co-partnership schemes, which have endeavoured to mask this fact, have therefore failed. The demand for control has been made, possibly, as Mr. Stelling maintains in his lecture on "Taylor's Principles in Modern British Management," "principally by the better educated workers." How it is to be met, whether by admitting the workers to a share in factory management by Whitley Councils or by contracting for labour with the Unions direct, is a problem for industrial statesmanship. Some such experiments have been undertaken, but more must

be made before the possibilities and practical difficulties can be fully explored. Not the least service rendered by studies like these is that they may lead some employers and some workpeople to look beyond the mechanism of industrial organization and conflict to the reactions and behaviour of human personality in industrial relationships.

Mr. Cyril Burt's able discussion of Vocational Diagnosis in Industry and at School, for instance, touches one of the most potent causes of industrial disaffection, the belief, namely, that capacity is wasted under our present system through lack of opportunity for its development and exercise. He points out that any efforts so far have been directed mainly to finding the right man for the job, and that the more difficult task of finding the right job for the man has been neglected. The dangers and absurdities of perfunctory vocational selection are obvious to anyone who has studied recent publications on the subject, and much laborious and careful work is still required in laboratory, school and factory. The reliability of sample tests is vitiated by the effect of practice, and that of analogous tests by the difficulty of reproducing a similar situation, and so devising a test directed to the special form of discrimination actually required. Münsterberg's well-known test of motor drivers, for example, offers no equivalent for the nervous strain of noise, and of the fear of injuring other creatures, human and animal; and the fact that Harvard students beat the scores of professional motor drivers suggests that the quality really tested was general intelligence.

Clearly, there is an inexhaustible field here both for research and the results of research. But it is no less clear that the introduction of psychologists into the factory is likely to excite the resentment of the workers if to them vocational selection connotes another means of exploitation on the part of the employer. Within limits this would be avoided by a preliminary explanation of the object and scope of psychological study, by sending someone with a knowledge of the trade to be trained at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology or elsewhere, and by inviting the workers to assist in the selection of the individual to be trained. But the full advantages of psychological research will be neither apprehended nor demanded by Labour until Labour enjoys such a measure of responsibility as will ensure an equitable distribution of the material profits which psychology may induce.

The scope of the course being expository rather than constructive, it was not within the province of the lecturers to work out practical schemes in detail. For example, stress is laid on the need for an Industrial Medical Service, and the necessary qualifications and training are defined, but there remain the co-ordination of such a system with the general medical service to be developed by the Ministry of Health from the panel service of the Insurance Acts, and the protection of the workers under any compulsory system of medical examination undertaken in the employers' interests. The importance of adequate provision for the treatment of nervous diseases is also emphasized, but the means of making such provision more effective than it has been in the case of tuberculosis are not discussed.

THE NATURE STUDY OF PLANTS. By T. A. Dymes. With an Introduction by Professor F. E. Weiss. (S.P.C.K. 6s. net.)—The first part of this book is devoted to a general description of the subject-matter, and the remaining portion to a detailed consideration of the Life-History of the Herb Robert and its relatives, which, as stated in the Introduction, should "convince both teachers and scholars how much may be learnt from a careful study of a single member of our common British plants." The style is simple and interesting; the illustrations are numerous and, in most cases, well chosen, the frontispiece especially being worthy of a word of praise. The book is sure to arouse interest in those who desire to take up the study of Botany.

Fine Arts

CARAVAGGIO, 1569-1609

LE CARAVAGE. Par Gabriel Rouchès. (Paris, Alcan. 10fr. net.)

FEW masters of painting are more completely ignored here to-day than Caravaggio. Ruskin's denunciation of "the ruffian Caravaggio, distinguished only by his preference of candle-light and black shadows for the illustration and reinforcement of villainy," seems to have done its work. No young artist lingers now before the "Christ at Emmaus" in the National Gallery; it is brushed aside as "late" or "photographic," and the artist who painted it is classified loosely as an Italian decadent of the seventeenth century.

It is surely time for a revision of this absurd neglect. For Caravaggio was a tremendous figure in his day, an innovator who suffered for his convictions, a leader of contemporary revolutionaries, and a powerful influence, not only on the naturalistic Italian art of the seventeenth century, but also on the more important developments based on this naturalism which appeared during the century in other countries. The extent and duration of his influence were, indeed, extraordinary, particularly if we remember that he died at the age of forty. His influence cut right into the Bolognese Baroque tradition and seduced Guercino and Reni, from whom Reynolds imported it into England. In Naples it captured Ribera, who sent it to Spain to inspire Zurbaran and Herrera the younger—and perhaps Velasquez himself. Rubens (who copied Caravaggio's "Entombment") took it to Flanders, where it can be seen in the early work of Van Dyck. With Vouet, Vignon and Valentin it entered France, to disappear in the Baroque-Rococo movement of the eighteenth century and re-emerge in the nineteenth in a dozen forms, one of which can be seen in the new French "Pietà" in the National Gallery. Finally Honthorst (traditionally supposed to have been a direct pupil of Caravaggio and to have painted pictures in his manner, which earned him his sobriquet "Gherardo della Notte") carried the influence to Holland, and it is probably more than a coincidence that Rembrandt should have spent his life in the perfection of an art which is the logical conclusion of Caravaggio's work in the years which immediately preceded the great Dutchman's birth.

If we seek for an explanation of Caravaggio's former fame and influence we shall find it in the force of his artistic and social personality. It is clear that he was a most personal artist from the beginning. As an adolescent in Venice he looked at the chiaroscuro and composition of Tintoretto (who was still alive and regarded doubtless as the greatest living painter), but he was not attracted to the path of heroic decoration. The greater simplicity of the older masters, of Giorgione and Palma Vecchio, moved him more, and his earliest pictures show at once the fundamental quality of his aesthetic nature—an absorbing interest in the plastic aspect of individual humanity. Hence portraits—or works which are virtually portraits—are his first productions in Rome when he has completed his apprenticeship to the decorator Cav. d'Arpino. There is nothing in these early works which suggests the ruffianism of the Bellori-Ruskin legend. They are as gentle as Giorgione and as romantic. The personal factor comes out in particularization, in a youthful response to the impression made on him by the individual model—by the characteristic droop of the head, for example, of the girl who sat to him for his "Mary Magdalene" (Rome, Doria Gallery) and his "Luth Player" (Vienna, Liechtenstein Gallery). One can understand the legend that the young painter of these pictures scandalized the older artists in Rome by refusing to admire the generaliza-

tions of antique sculpture and the commonplace compromises of Raphael. One can understand, too, that these early pictures appealed to other young artists who applauded the revolt from heroic decoration and Baroque posturing, and that they appealed also to patrons who were attracted by the physical charms of the little model. At the age of twenty, at any rate, Caravaggio was already in the position of having to choose between developing the plastic factors in these pictures or developing their popular appeal. He had to choose in fact between playing up to his young artist friends or playing down to his patrons.

The independence of his character and the real quality of his plastic sense helped him to choose the harder course. From the instinct which had led him to see life as a whole concentrated in a single figure, he passed to the conception of its concentration in a fragment of a figure, and to express this he set out to evolve a technical method which would enable him to interpret a significant fragment with the maximum intensity. After some experiments with artificial light—constituting a local nine days' wonder like Picasso's experiments with cigar boxes and *Le Petit Parisien*—he arrived at a system of sheer top lighting on his model unrelieved by reflections in the shadows, which he rendered in the light parts by an impasto much heavier and cruder and more sudden than the impasto of the Venetians, and in the shadows by relatively thin dark paint almost approaching black, and this involved the sacrifice of a certain amount of local colour—though not nearly so much as one would imagine from the study of photographs, school pieces, and originals in bad condition. The lighting was not, of course, new in itself. Leonardo, Correggio, Tintoretto and other painters all over Italy had already discovered all there was to know about chiaroscuro. The new feature was the juxtaposition of the ends of the gamut and the suddenness of the impasto. The "St. John" (Rome, Doria Gallery) is commonly accepted as Caravaggio's first important work in the new manner, and it is easy to realize that the artist once again scored a dual success, impressing his contemporaries by the vigour and force of the new technique, and delighting his patrons by the particularization of the charming and vivacious head of the boy and the reminiscence of Michelangelo's Sistine athletes in the pose. Once again he found himself at the parting of the ways. But this time the choice was easier. For he was by now an acknowledged *chef d'école* whose followers cried "Truth and Caravaggio" in the taverns, and were ready to defend their champion by methods far more vigorous than the modern acrimonious correspondence in the press. Caravaggio plunged forward on the path of his convictions, rooted out the momentary Michelangesque influence, and produced within the next fifteen years (1591-1606) the series of pictures which culminate in the "Entombment" (Rome, Vatican). In these works of his maturity the relentless particularization of everyday types is emphasized and co-ordinated by an arabesque of intense lights and darks, and here, if anywhere, he justifies a title to greatness. But he paid heavily for his achievements. He had eliminated all the elements of popularity from his work, and found himself assailed by the arguments against realism which we all know so well to-day. His old enemies the Baroque painters condemned him more loudly than ever as a mere vulgar naturalist, and the public found his types plebeian and ugly. Three of his most important works—"St. Matthew" (Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum), "The Virgin with the Adder" (Rome, Borghese Gallery) and "The Death of the Virgin" (Paris, Louvre)—were thrown back on his hands by the patrons who had commissioned them. But the artist who painted the still life in our picture at Trafalgar Square was not so easily defeated. He set his teeth and remained ruthless. He

softens each time he paints the girl with the drooping head who still appears in his pictures (as the Magdalene in the "Entombment" and the weeping figure in "The Death of the Virgin"), but elsewhere his sensibility remains keyed to the new pitch. He lives in the centre of a storm, and the strain tells upon him. He becomes more and more defiant in propaganda, more and more a combatant *chef d'école*. He drinks heavily, perhaps, in the taverns which he frequents in periodic reactions, and he draws his sword on the slightest provocation. Until one fatal day he becomes a fugitive from justice and leaves Rome never to return. From this day he is a broken man. He lives on his notoriety and his reputation, and earns his daily bread in Naples, Malta, Messina and elsewhere, but he can never play the same rôle again or fulfil his destiny as in Rome, and after three years of wandering he dies miserably of fever in a remote village when making an attempt to return and rehabilitate himself in Rome.

The publication of M. Rouchès' little monograph may be symptomatic of a revival of interest in this remarkable artist. The author has made a comprehensive study of relevant literature and documents and an extensive examination of originals, and the book contains twenty-four photographic reproductions. R. H. W.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Pictures by Nineteenth-Century French Artists and others.

EVERY modern painter who takes his work seriously should make a pilgrimage to the Leicester Galleries and spend a half-hour in front of the still-life of dahlias by Eugène Delacroix. It is a slight sketch painted in 1833, when Delacroix was thirty-four years of age, and, without question, an extraordinarily beautiful work, in which the artist has solved his difficulties as a matter of course, without effort and without pretension. We have but to examine it for a few moments to realize that it was produced by a great painter in full mastery of his powers, and to realize, also, that it might have been painted by almost any of the very few artists, between the end of the sixteenth century and the present day, who can with any justice be called great painters. For the great painter-virtuosi are really remarkably rare and remarkably alike. This sketch reveals an intuitive intimacy with the resources of the palette and a mastery in the handling of pigment which cannot be learned in any school, academic or revolutionary, which cannot be acquired by the study of theoretic works on art or colour vibration or synthesis of form, but which—in the hands of the favoured few—can be made to carry a picture to technical triumph and, even beyond it to beauty. This is why our young artists should look at this sketch by Delacroix, and observe how the painter's instinct has translated nature into the terms of his medium, how the play of light is expressed by deliberately different colours, and the statements of form are worked into a consistent decorative unit which is as charming and spontaneous, and at the same time as coherent and controlled, as an Aubusson panel on a Louis XVI. chair. We hear a good deal nowadays about the suggestion of planes by colour contrast, and enthusiastic theorists draw up colour-pianos to demonstrate the relative weight and so on of various colours, just as the Impressionists made charts for the exploitation of their spectrum palette. But no scientific system can teach a man to handle reds and oranges as Delacroix has handled them in this picture, to thrust a plum-coloured flower beneath scarlet and orange flowers by sheer perfection of colour pitch, and harmonize them by the cool blue tones of the adjacent leaves; and no scientific colour-piano can teach a man to register the exact pitch of these lemon-yellow star-shaped flowers that float on the surface of the group like water-lilies on a mysterious pool. For these things come from the special virtuosity of the born painter, which is set on foot by sensibility, developed by long practice, and controlled by aesthetic consciousness.

The Delacroix still-life is in a class by itself at this exhibition, but there are a number of other works which repay examination. There is a sketch of the foyer of a theatre, for instance, by Manet, which reminds us that this great painter is as much

misunderstood, in a different way, to-day as he was in his lifetime. It was the fashion for a few years to shower eulogies on his work. Now it is once more the fashion to decry it. The explanation of this swing of the pendulum is to be found in the arresting nature of Manet's technique, which distracts attention from the other aspects of his art. Manet's enemies, in his lifetime, saw nothing in his art but intolerably incomplete representation, and his admirers saw nothing but a delightfully free touch and remarkable powers of selection. Modern doctrinaire students again are inclined to write him off altogether as a superficial haphazard impressionist, a mere naturalist incapable of regulating his vision by pictorial discipline. Time, we believe, will prove the error of all these judgments. Already in front of this sketch at the Leicester Galleries we find ourselves taking the controversial technique for granted, and seeking and discovering other more fundamental and durable qualities. There is, in fact, if we look for it, an architectural structure here which holds together the flying touches of Manet's magic brush. The plan is broad and simple. A floor plane occupies three-quarters of the surface running up from the base. It is completely covered by figures, and a second plane resting on their heads runs back parallel to the first. The two planes lead to the oblong doorway, through which the eye passes to indefinite distance beyond. Over this foundation Manet has thrown a black-and-white arabesque, subtle and intriguing, and beautifully balanced, a mantilla perfectly distributed, making it clear that the painter's approach was a good deal more complex and controlled than the approach of the mere impressionist, and also, incidentally, revealing the origin of that phase of Derain's art represented by the landscape recently exhibited at the Goupil Gallery and the still-life shown some months ago at the Mansard Gallery.

Then there are two works by Corot: one of the type usually associated with his name, the type produced in the middle period in disastrous numbers to meet the demands of the rue Laffitte; the other dating presumably from the late thirties or early forties, between the splendid "Volterra" (1834)—which Cézanne must have known by heart—and the "Saint-André-du-Marvan" (1842) and "Homère et les Bergers" (1845) which close the first period. Though not so sure and convincing as the pictures of the astonishing rejuvenation of the years 1870-1875, when the old artist recovered after twenty years' degeneration, the works of his early manhood are full of research, and, as can be seen at the Leicester Galleries, they are infinitely more satisfactory than the pictures of the middle period.

Other works in this excellent exhibition are a still-life by Ribot (who may have painted the new "Pietà" in the National Gallery); an early and most entertaining Caprice by Augustus John, "The Ballerina and the Elders"; and paintings by Gauguin, Courbet, Berthe Morisot (who could evidently borrow as gracefully from Renoir as from Manet), Pissarro, Boudin, and Derain.

R. H. W.

L'ART DÉCORATIF THÉÂTRAL MODERNE. Par Gontcharova - Larionow. (Paris, La Cible.) — M. Larionow and Mme. Gontcharova are well known as the makers of some interesting designs for the Russian Ballets. They were responsible for "Le Coq d'Or," "Les Contes Russes," and "Le Soleil de Minuit," but their reputations will not, we imagine, be greatly enhanced by the portfolio before us. For though the designs and sketches are admirably reproduced and include two or three real contributions to the art of theatrical decoration, the majority are quite unimportant, and appear even more so from the absurdly exaggerated claims made for the artists by M. Valentin Parnack in the introductory essay which precedes them. Nathalie Gontcharova, he tells us, is a creator of "la peinture monumentale moderne"; she has an epic gift and a love of Messianic ideas; her work is a powerful continuation of Byzantine tradition and the tradition of the Bible, "si peu traitées par l'Occident." Larionow on the other hand is said to have invented the Dance of Free Movement, the Dance of the Rhythmic Walk, the Dance based on the Movements of Animals, the Dance of Mechanical Figures, and the Social Dance. Much greater artists than Larionow and Gontcharova would be hard put to it to live up to such pretensions. Criticism of this kind is a real danger to contemporary artists.

Music

THE SCHOOL OF ITALY

COMPOSERS of the present day depend to a large extent upon the goodwill of singers, but they reward them with either contempt or flattery, possibly with both. Some have given up the singers in despair, and write without any consideration for their convenience, or even for their own chances of getting the best out of their voices; others know their singers too well and have no scruples about gratifying their vanity. That it is part of their duty to educate singers does not seem to enter into their minds. They would say, perhaps, that they have other things to do besides educate singers, and the professional singing-masters would certainly be very jealous of any composer who ventured to set foot upon their territory. But I do not wish to suggest for a moment that it is the duty of composers to give actual singing lessons. Some composers—Porpora for instance—did so in the great days of Italian opera, but the most distinguished among them knew that simply as composers they had an educative function to perform. When we ask ourselves why it was that the first half of the eighteenth century produced such a marvellous school of singing, it is not always remembered that in those days the greatest composers did not think it beneath their dignity to write studies for singers.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century there was published at Paris a huge collection of vocal studies under the title of "*Solfèges d'Italie*." This work, which fills nearly three hundred oblong folio pages, was edited by two French singers, and contains something like the same number of *solfeggi* by Alessandro Scarlatti, Leo, Durante, Hasse and others. It must have been well thought of in its day, for it ran to several editions, but it was not reprinted after the end of the eighteenth century. What value is set upon it by modern teachers of singing I do not know; probably not many of them have ever seen it, for it is not often that one comes across a copy outside a library. No doubt the age of Rossini and Donizetti found it old-fashioned; new studies were composed by Concone and others which were more in the spirit of the times, besides being easier and more obviously attractive. And they have survived partly on their actual merits, partly because the operatic repertory of to-day has more affinity with the style of Rossini than the style of Rossini had with that of the previous century. For the present day the "*Solfèges d'Italie*" are academic studies and nothing else. But quite apart from their use as lubricants of vocal mechanism, they have a remarkable interest considered simply as music. They are studies composed by really great musicians, and they are strongly impressed with the personality of their composers. It is very possible that those bearing the name of Hasse were reduced from operatic arias; they have the same form and the same shape of phrase, whether in the tragic or the comic style. Those of Scarlatti and Leo on the other hand have every appearance of being originally intended as *solfeggi*, for they are not cast in the form of arias, either from operas or from cantatas, and their style of phrase does not suggest that they even had words to them. In a few cases it is possible that they were reduced from chamber duets. To arrive at any conclusive evidence on this question would require an enormous range of reading and a miraculous memory. It is easy to think that one recognizes a song which one has seen before somewhere, but to track it down is a more difficult matter.

The collection is clearly intended to be a comprehensive mental education. A singer who had worked all through the book would be not merely an accomplished executant,

but would have had a training in sight reading from all sorts of clefs and in all sorts of keys; he would also have had a real education in music itself. In the early part of the book there are preliminary studies in elementary difficulties, melodic or rhythmical. Scarlatti and Leo lead the student on to difficulties of a genuinely intellectual character. Both of these composers had essentially contrapuntal minds, and both of them wrote two-part music in which the thought is extraordinarily terse and concentrated. Their studies are not intended for the technique of emotion, nor particularly for the practice of agility, though they contain a good many florid passages; it is hard-headed musical logic that they inculcate more than anything else. What they require first and foremost is rigid accuracy of rhythm and pitch, with a clear conception of the exact relationship of every note to what precedes and follows, and towards the melodic line of the bass part that is in a state of perpetual tension against the singer. Emotion is represented rather by the studies of Durante, a curious character who has never been studied carefully by historians of music. Durante, I fancy, must have been a man rather after the style of César Franck, almost entirely absorbed in teaching and in the composition of sacred music—sacred music, too, in which emotion was generally allowed to predominate over intellect. Durante is, as far as I have been able to trace, the first composer who set the *Requiem* in the dramatic style with which Mozart, Cherubini, Verdi and others have familiarized us. In the "*Solfèges*" he is represented by a peculiarly dry canon at the unison for two basses—another point of resemblance to César Franck!—and by a strange series of "exclamations of souls in purgatory" who call in turn upon *Padre, Figlio, Spirito Santo, Vergine Santissima salita in cielo* and *Santissima Trinità*. To Durante are further ascribed two *solfeggi* which are familiar to modern singers in the shape of songs—*Danza, danza, fanciulla*, and *Vergine tutt' amor*. For a long time those two songs had aroused my suspicions, for I could not believe that they had come from chamber-cantatas; their form and style were incompatible with such an origin. There are many "old Italian" songs which made their appearance in "*Echos d'Italie*," but have never been traced to their original sources. These two of Durante appear to have been lifted from the "*Solfèges*" and then provided with words. The words, too, give the fraud away, for they cannot be accommodated to any regular metrical scheme; and in the days of Metastasio an aria was inconceivable apart from strictly metrical words. Even Latin had to be forced into metre, and very queer rhyming verse too, except in the case of Vesper Psalms and Lamentations. Some of Leo's slow movements among the *solfeggi*, it may be remarked, do bear a certain resemblance in style to his "*Lezioni della Settimana Santa*."

Leo is by far the best composer among these examples of classical *solfeggi*. His operatic style has always something rather severe and academic about it, so that in writing studies he finds himself very much on his own ground. The studies of Hasse are hardly distinguishable from his operatic arias; those of Scarlatti are severe almost to crabbedness. The casual reader, seeing the *solfeggi* of Scarlatti or Leo for the first time, might well mistake them for harpsichord or violin music. Yet they are unmistakably *solfeggi*; they show none of the characteristic devices of the violin, and they are much more definitely melodious than the bulk of Italian harpsichord music. They do, however, recall in a certain way the pieces of Domenico Scarlatti; they form a connecting link between these and the airs from operas or cantatas. They make it still more obvious that many of Domenico's themes are vocal in character when he first announces them, although he soon rushes off into caprices far beyond

the power of the most acrobatic of singers. The *solfeggi* are half-way between vocal and instrumental music; having no words and no accompaniments beyond the figured bass, there is nothing to distract the mind from their fundamental musical thought. Such a thought there undoubtedly is in the majority of cases; the studies of Scarlatti and Leo are just as much solid and serious musical compositions as their cantatas. Leo has a curious partiality for a very formal type of counterpoint. It is, or at least eventually became, the counterpoint of the text-books. To the style of Palestrina it has hardly any resemblance; but it is obviously the foundation of Cherubini's academic style, and it is recognizable all through the eighteenth century, in Bach, in Haydn, in Mozart, whenever they deliberately put on an air of learning and austerity. Haydn and Mozart always seem to regard it as something artificial; when they employ it in symphonies or quartets it is rather as if they had dropped for a moment into Latin. Latin it is, of course, for it is the foundation of the conventional ecclesiastical style, and no one handles it in sacred music with more mastery than Leo.

At the end of the volume are twelve duets by David Perez, which are not up to the level of Leo and Scarlatti for real beauty, but are none the less of great musical interest, because they are all planned on the lines of sonatas, consisting generally of an *adagio*, an *allegro* and a fugue. There are few violinists who do not enjoy playing the duet-sonatas of Bach and Handel. One could even imagine them taking up these sonatas of Perez, or any of the innumerable chamber duets which the old Italians wrote for voices. The singers will probably continue to ignore them. They do not lead up naturally to Puccini or the ballad concerts. It is really more important that the composers should study them. Singers are so tyrannical that composers might do well to observe what singers were once expected to be able to do. Composers have a perfect right to be exacting, provided that they are exacting in a reasonable direction, and prepared to train their singers to respond to their exactions. If they would follow the example of Leo and Scarlatti and compose studies for singers with as much care and skill as some of them have been prepared to put into *études* for pianists, they might first attract the singers to practise such things, and eventually develop them into interpreters who were neither too vain to apply their intelligence nor too proud to cultivate their voices.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

ENGLISH works have figured largely in the programmes of the past week. On Tuesday Mr. Landon Ronald's "Garden of Allah" suite was given for the first time; and on Thursday Armstrong Gibbs, Howard Carr, A. C. Mackenzie, and Percy Grainger were all represented. We were not able to attend the Tuesday concert, but our friends who did attend it are unanimous in saying that Mr. Ronald's work was up to the level of the very best Hitchens. Of the remainder, Mr. Gibbs's little suite alone is new—but not new to everyone, for it was heard at one of the Patron's Fund Rehearsals some months ago. It is a suite of four movements made from the incidental music to a children's play, by Mr. Walter de la Mare, entitled "Crossings," and it is well suited to its occasion. It does not set out to be deeply passionate or highly significant, or to put us in touch with modern currents of thought, or anything of that kind; it aims at pleasing, as such music should do, and when you have said that it does please, you have really said all that need be said about it. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's Scottish Concerto also pleases; the word "academic" rises naturally to one's lips in connection with this kind of music, but the word has—or, at any rate, should have—a noble as well as a mean connotation, and this concerto is a good specimen of its kind, and likely to survive the disapproval of the emancipated. Neither of the other works is unfamiliar, and neither

needs much comment. Mr. Howard Carr, setting out to describe for us some of the deeds that won the Empire, never achieves more than a crude pictorialism, and most of the time a good deal less. The outstanding feature of Mr. Grainger's work is usually its vulgarity, and in the arrangement of "Shepherds' Hey" this element is found in its least diluted form.

The solo part of the concerto, by the way, was played by Miss Dorothy Howell with a crispness and rhythmic life that delighted everyone. We are not altogether sanguine of Miss Howell's future as a composer, but there is no doubt she has the makings of an extremely fine pianist.

R. O. M.

Drama

SCHOPENHAUER AND REALISM

KINGSWAY THEATRE. — "The Daisy." By Osmond Shillingford and A. L. Ellis.

"THE DAISY" has been adapted, the programme states, from an original, presumably Hungarian, by F. Molnar. It certainly is not comfortable in its English dress. No doubt scenes of working-class life in other countries usually appear artificial and unreal in the acting when translated literally—the accent and other local peculiarities are lost in the transfer and are badly missed—but for all that, it is a risk to father a tale told about members of some other nation on the English people. External trifles do not much matter (though in England roundabouts at fairs are not enclosed in tent with a showman on a platform outside, nor have we ever seen people kissing on them, the question of equilibrium being too absorbing); what matters is that the story of "The Daisy," though it happens every day in England, happens under conditions of national psychology that completely change its atmosphere. You cannot make the actions of the country-men and women of Falstaff conform straight forwardly to the maxims of the Schopenhauerian philosophy.

For F. Molnar is, consciously or not, a Schopenhauerian, and he shows once more what a penetrating lantern that dilettante philosopher provided for lighting up the mysteries of life. On one side his play is a strict and grim piece of realism, showing the life of the class that struggles on the edge of society and subsistence with a faithfulness that compels conviction, and on the other side it is just an exposition of Schopenhauer's doctrine of the metaphysics of sex—and the two fit together as though shaped for one another. Here is the little servant girl Julia, essentially chaste and respectable, surrendering everything in one evening to join her life to that of the treacherous black-guard called "The Daisy" who works the roundabout at the fair, and this for no reason but that she must, because the Life Force of the Universe in one of its ripples has willed it so. "I dunno" is her only reply to all questions and expostulations—a profoundly philosophical one, though she does not know that either. This sacrifice and her continued fidelity to the rogue whose claim she has acknowledged are not to be mistaken for devotion. Her docile slavery is not to be confounded with voluntary self-abnegation. She is not losing herself in the man, for she is ready to torture the "Daisy" with sulks and other revenges. She only stays and submits because she cannot help it. She is a strangely pitiful pseudo-martyr, and is most delicately and harmoniously played by Miss Mary Merrall.

And what vitality in the other personages! How solid is the "Daisy" (acted capably but without particular inspiration by Mr. Henry Caine) with his enraged self-love and self-pity, his blustering and snivelling, his lusts and avidities crossed by his shrinkings and terrors! We are really looking deep into a soul (and hearing much more gritty theology than all our native Canons and playwrights

ladle out to us) when he explains to the crook who is trying to enlist him for a highway robbery with murder what he fears about Hell. People joke about it, as he always joked about gaol. But the time came when he was caught and to gaol he went, and found it was after all no joke, no "blooming optical delusion," but a hard and hateful reality. Suppose, then, the experience were to repeat itself? He has learned once that he is not so safe in his swagger as he believed. An admirable foil to this savage of civilization, decaying muddily under the pressure of primitive appetite, sophisticated ideas and alcohol, is Flimmer the professional thief, cool and resourceful, and contemptuous of sham consciences, who views the world with a passionless cynicism that amounts to a kind of second innocence. He is the "Will to Live" brought to a fine point that would have satisfied Nietzsche, and is excellently acted with impassive mask, oblique eyes and noiseless shuffle by Mr. Dennis Wyndham. None of these characters, nor the others in the play, are quite English—least of all the bank-manager whom the thieves try to hold up, and who tortures the "Daisy's" imagination, while keeping him at his revolver point, by telling him what he will feel like back in prison. They are all too tragically simple, serious and self-revealing. We miss the atmosphere of sarcasm and evasion that befalls these issues when it is English souls that are involved in them. But they are all as alive as literary skill and psychological power can make them; and we wonder drearily why this so seldom happens in our theatre except when the fatal words "from the original of—" head the programme.

The only weakness of this fine play is the last Act with its supernatural sequel after the "Daisy's" suicide. A dramatist of Molnar's strength should know that the spiritual world that sustains the phenomenal cannot be made real by displaying to us a place that reminds us of the Chamber of Horror at Madame Tussaud's mixed in a dream with the anteroom of an ill-lit sculpture gallery, and there treating us to long speeches by nebulous "Spirits." In any case, if the supernatural is to be brought on the stage it must, if it is to be at all credible, be the supernatural of some particular religion or mythology that is still, or was once, believed in by men and women. The personages of it must be concrete and individualized. "Hannele" and "Everyman" showing the Divine Figures of Christian belief are convincing, and so are the gods and goddesses of Greek drama, but you could not successfully put even the Spirits of Hardy's "Dynasts" on the stage. Abstractions will not come to life, however much grey drapery you wrap them in. Nevertheless when the "Daisy's" shade returns to earth to find his wife still living and propagating her "vital lie" of his own faithfulness and blamelessness—for the sake of the child who has come at last—the author gets back his grip on the spiritual realities of his theme. And as the scene is mercifully played without "ghost effects," throwing on our imagination the duty of explaining why Julia cannot recognize her husband in the tramp who knocks at her door and whose blows, when he is stung to fury and strikes the child, are loud but painless, the touching, though rather indecisive end of the play is reached without a jar. The management may be congratulated on the mounting, which is in the right direction of realism by simplicity. The touch of fantasy in the last scene, suggesting a glimpse from a suburban garden into one of Mr. Wells's vast and terrifying industrial cities of the future, effects just the right transposition of key for the episode.

D. L. M.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS has in the press an essay entitled "Oscar Wilde in America," by Mr. Martin Birnbaum. The book is being printed in a limited edition, at the Chiswick Press, and will include portraits, unpublished letters and literary fragments.

ON THE DOG?

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"A Pair of Sixes." By Edward Peple.

How our hearts sank when, at the very rise of the curtain revealing a city office, a messenger and an office boy crossing from opposite doors elaborately collided in the centre of the stage! After that we were prepared for Mr. Percy Hutchinson as the junior partner to stick labels on the face of the book-keeper, and for impatient clients coming to do business to be bonneted by the firm as by clown and pantaloone in harlequinade. Even when the original idea turned up of a wager between the quarrelling partners which could condemn the loser to become the other's butler for a year, and leave the winner in control of the business, we knew it could only lead to scenes of loud shouting, broken glass, perspiration, and dishevelment. Are these farces played in London to "try them on the dog" before taking them to the country with the cachet of metropolitan success? If so, there are no "quotes" to be had from this paper at any rate, though THE ATHENÆUM says "that Miss Jessie Winter's frocks were nice, and she wore them most becomingly." It was sad to see an actor of Mr. Sam Livesey's talent in a business like this, and Mr. Percy Hutchinson has a gift of comedy which should stimulate him to desire better plays for its exercise. The audience seemed well satisfied none the less—and now talk of regenerating English drama!

THE HAMPSTEAD REPERTORY THEATRE.

THE Hampstead Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Norman Macdermott, opened on Wednesday, September 16, with a comedy translated from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, "Bonds of Interest." We prefer not to base our criticism of this admirable venture on the production of this play, which we found uninteresting. Roughly, we should describe it as a very minor Elizabethan farce, which has not the advantage of being written in forceful English of a good period. We cannot understand why it has been translated from Don Jacinto's doubtless vivid vernacular. It is a play, so far as we could judge, without any dramatic subtlety, whether of characterization or plot; it hinges on the shifts of a couple of gentlemen of fortune of the very old style. To carry, we suppose it needs to be acted at least as boisterously as "Charley's Aunt"; even then it could not be one-tenth as funny. It was indeed a great deal less amusing than Heywood's "Fair Maid of the West," as produced by the Phoenix Society last season. The fact is that Mr. Macdermott's company is not suited to a play of this kind. Its strength, happily, lies elsewhere. The most distinguished individual performance was that of Mr. Brember Wills, who, as the lawyer, gave his part the necessary touch of over-emphasis and caricature, and thereby showed that the play might be made amusing and enjoyable.

The theatre itself is exceedingly attractive. Mr. Macdermott has worked wonders with the unpromising material of a Drill Hall. All the seats are comfortable, and have an excellent view of the stage. Because of our sympathy with the enterprise as a whole, we prefer to criticize it as a whole, when we have seen the full season's repertoire.

MR. DOUGLAS WALSH'S "With the Serbs in Macedonia" (Lane, 7s. 6d. net) is described by him as "only a small-beer chronicle" of life on lines-of-communication. Cheerful, pointed writing it is, with anecdotes in plenty of experiences that will never happen again. This is the value of the book; but Mr. Walshe has presented his material in pleasant fashion and with a good eye for the detail that tells. Between chapters are interludes of verse in the Kipling manner, and written with unusual ease and humour. Good photographs are also included.

THE Oxford University Press have produced the first number of *Outward Bound*, an illustrated monthly magazine concerned with the world at large and especially with the non-Christian peoples. Its aim, racial brotherhood, will be approached by fiction, studies, essays, pictures and music. A special interest will be the inclusion of examples of the best Eastern Art.

Correspondence

BEYLE AND BYRON

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I fail to see the object of Mr. Arundell del Re's letter concerning my article on "Beyle and Byron." If he merely wishes to authenticate for me the opinions I attribute to two historical figures, I am obliged to him. If, on the other hand, he desires to advertise himself at my expense, he should realize that an adequate knowledge of the subject would have enabled him to make his cleverness more complete. In any case, he could only reveal the obviously intentional. He seems to mistake the purpose of my article, which was historical, and as such dependent on the objective selection of facts. I was not concerned with a romantic (and, no doubt, more original) projection of a mirage from my own personality.

As for the character of Beyle, we all have our ideas about that, and mine are as defensible as Mr. del Re's. And there is surely no excuse—since Mr. del Re is, I feel sure, something of a *Stendhalien*—for mistaking Beyle's dialectical naïveté for anything but what it really is.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

HERBERT READ.

September 17, 1920.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In his comments on Mr. Herbert Read's article has not Mr. del Re mistaken its aim? Mr. Read was surely not attempting history, but an imaginative sketch, and, whatever be the value of this type of composition, it is a type that follows its own artistic laws. To acknowledge one's sources—imperative in history—would be pedantry here. And though accuracy of fact remains important, it does become of secondary importance. Of primary importance is the internal life; the sketch must be alive within itself, and here, it seemed to me, Mr. Read was entirely successful. Whether his sketch was adequately documented, I am too ignorant of the period to say. But one can no more condemn it because of its discrepancies than one can condemn those dialogues of Landor that misrepresent Plato.

Yours faithfully,

E. M. FORSTER.

September 20, 1920.

TCHEHOV AND IBSEN.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Clive Bell has no mercy for a correspondent who, in your issue of September 10, imputes to him the opinion that Ibsen was a greater artist than Tchegov. But was the mistake so outrageous? I, at any rate, was in two minds as to what Mr. Bell meant when he said that Ibsen was Tchegov's master. The æsthetic judgment now repudiated was at least intelligible, while the alternative was a statement of fact (Tchegov is to Ibsen as Raphael to Perugino) at once obscure and startling.

The master-pupil relation asserted by Mr. Bell is evidently that between the sound practitioner and the pupil of genius; its essence is the ascent to new triumphs on the shoulders of an imparted discipline. It is the relation between Scribe and Ibsen. Nothing indicates that this relation held between Ibsen and Tchegov (unless Mr. Bell would press the words "Ibsen is my favourite writer" that occur on p. 409 of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Tchegov's letters), though there is plenty of evidence, both internal and external, that it did hold between Tolstoi and Tchegov.

What Ibsen learned from the French stage was the close-knit conduct of a bourgeois intrigue. He took the formula of dramatic economy, gave to it a marvellous new rigour, and transmuted it to a significance undreamed on the boulevards. Mr. Bell praises him accordingly. But the sort of form created in Tchegov's plays and stories is surely something entirely different from this. Perhaps Mr. Bell would agree: perhaps what he intends to praise in Ibsen is something entirely different from that which I have imagined him to intend. If so, it would be interesting if he would explain from what formal properties of Ibsen's work those that make Tchegov a great artist are derived.

Your obedient servant,

SYDNEY WATERLOW.

THE TRUE INTERNATIONALISM.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Your article last week on "The True Internationalism" encourages the hope that you will be able to spare sympathetic attention for the work of a body organized solely for the promotion of that "intellectual internationalism" which you so intelligently advocate. The development of friendship and understanding between the civilized nations by means of those "lengthy sojourns in a foreign country" which you consider to be the most effective method of ensuring international sympathy, is the chief aim of a world-wide league, the International Federation of University Women. In furtherance of the aim three methods of securing intercourse are being organized. The first is the provision of international scholarships and fellowships, such as the Rose Sidgwick Memorial Fellowship, which annually enables a British woman graduate to follow a further course of study at an American university. The second is the promotion of the exchange of professors, lecturers and students between the different universities, financial assistance being provided, where necessary, for the extra expenses, such as travelling fares, involved in the exchange. The third method of securing to educated women the opportunity of extending their knowledge of other nations is the provision of club-houses for international hospitality in all the great cities of the world. Preparations for the establishment of such club-houses in Athens and Paris are already being made. The founders of the International Federation realize fully that if intellectual internationalism is to be maintained and increased it must be subsidized. They believe that capital so invested will yield a rich return to civilization. In this faith they are setting out to collect the funds necessary for their work, and it is open to anybody who shares their faith to help the work forward by the endowment of an international scholarship or by a donation to the central fund. The fact that the Federation is organized primarily in the interests of women does not mean that it is in any way a "separatist" or "feminist" body. It merely means that it is considered as important for the women as for the men of a two-sexed community to have adequate opportunities of developing an international imagination.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

T. BOSANQUET,

Secretary.

50, Russell Square, W.C.1,
September 20, 1920.

ERNEST DE SAXE-COBURG

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Irving Babbitt's interesting review of the latest English work on the French Romantic School in your issue of September 17 recalls the fact that not a single British and American work dealing with the subject even mentions the name of the chief organizer of the demonstrations at the opening of the movement. It does not require much literary research to discover that the energetic leader was the natural brother of Prince Albert (consort of Queen Victoria), who was known in Paris as M. Ernest de Saxe-Coburg. The literary *feuilletons* of the period and the autograph letters in existence contain glowing accounts of his activity, and as Madame Hugo (in "Victor Hugo, a life related by one who witnessed it") says:

Amongst those who had fought for "Hernani" and remained faithful to "Marion de L'Orme," none had been more ardent than M. Ernest de Saxe-Coburg. He was a fine young fellow, whose intelligent face would not anywhere have been passed by unnoticed. His mother was a Greek, of a classical and statuesque style of beauty; he resembled her, though with an admixture of the Saxon race, for he had fair hair and blue eyes. He resided in Paris with his mother, on a pension granted them by the duke. He lived alone and in a manner incognito, but where art was concerned he was expansive and noisy. On his return from these performances, in which he had battled so bravely, he would scribble the author's name on the walls.

Ernest de Saxe-Coburg died of pleurisy during the cholera month of March, 1832, in the presence of his mother and Victor Hugo and his wife; and, shortly after he passed away, the great painter Louis Boulanger called in and took a beautiful portrait of the young man. Though the mother had published

some years previously scandalous "memoirs" of the father of her son, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, as will be seen from the following extract from his dignified letter to Victor Hugo, had no ill-feeling towards his former mistress and his natural son:

I can hardly believe it, and am deeply affected by this event, as unfortunate as it was unexpected. I am not less affected at all you tell me concerning the last moments of my dear and excellent Ernest, but am still too much overcome to express to you all I feel. An unlucky fate had placed him in a false position. Removed from me, I have never been able to show him how deep was my attachment for him. I have never had any other interests than those concerning his welfare. That which you relate to me of his last moments proves in a touching manner that he did not misunderstand me. You will oblige me very much by sending me the portrait you mention, also the plan of the monument that is being prepared for my poor boy.

There was a large crowd of literary celebrities at the funeral, including Victor Hugo (chief mourner), Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, and Sainte-Beuve, and the leading Parisian newspapers and literary journals devoted many pages of tribute to the enthusiasm of the young man in the cause of the romantic poetical drama.

Yours faithfully,

ANDREW DE TERNANT.

36, Somerleyton Road, Brixton, S.W.

A PROTEST FROM CHINA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—I am glad to see "A Protest from China" in THE ATHENÆUM of the 10th inst. I endorse the statement of Mr. Kao that "you are careful that authors shall be accurate about every land except China"—not only "you"; I am afraid it is nearly the same with most "responsible" papers in this country. We have read a great deal of amusing criticism of things Chinese. If we did not make any protest it is because our protest often fell on deaf ears. As the result we begin to "take a long view"—to wait for another cycle of 60 years—that there will be some day when your "honourable countrymen" will take the pains to know us. I assure you that human nature is the same; the nature of the Chinese, especially, is far from being outlandish to the Anglo-Saxons, if you understand us in reality. I often wondered that so scientific a people like your "honourable countrymen" should have been so markedly unscientific regarding China. Those who pretend to speak about China with much assumed authority often tell "lies"—from the poet Arthur Waley to the "secret service man" Mr. J. O. P. Bland, who published his articles on China in *The Times* lately.

Yours faithfully,

CHIAWEI KWO.

22, Hamilton Place, Aberdeen,
September 11, 1920.

PICTURESQUE DICTION.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—How picturesque is the diction of your contributors compared with that of ATHENÆUM writers in the old authoritative days! These drew perhaps from the well of English undefiled, but the stuff they handed to us is flat indeed beside the sparkling liquid so sedulously pumped and pumped and pumped that we may grasp and drink before the froth subsides, and the "beaded bubbles" collapse. It is difficult to quote from recurring examples; but I should like to bottle, as it were, the splendid figure employed by your critic "R. O. M." in the issue of September 17. The figure is not original; its genius lies in the application and context. "Mr. Montague Phillips' new Piano Concerto . . ." says this gentleman, "would have been jam" to certain other critics. This is no doubt enlightening to the critics; but Mr. Phillips himself must be surprised and interested at the number of dissimilar things his Concerto suggests to your commentator: jam, as aforesaid, clichés, elephants, shop-keeping, trousers, smocks. If the function of art is to suggest, your critic need not, indeed, "feel so righteously indignant about" the Concerto as he "would have liked to do."

Yours faithfully,

F. R.—s.

Foreign Literature

THE LAST OF WEDEKIND

AUS DEM NACHLASS: LYRIK, VERSEPIK, ERZÄHLENDE PROSA, Von Frank Wedekind. (Leipzig, Georg Müller. 6 m.)
HERAKLES: DRAMATISCHES GEDICHT IN DREI AKTEN. Von Frank Wedekind. (Same publisher. 4 m.)

IT would appear probable that, apart from the long-due "Autobiography" and any further material which may be provided in the authorized "Biography," we have, in the selection from his "Nachlass" which has been added as Volume VIII. to Frank Wedekind's "Collected Works," the last publishable pages of that disturbing writer. The last of Wedekind, and yet, in another sense, the first, for the greater part of the "Nachlass" consists of very early writings. The last of Wedekind, in both senses of the adjective, is given in the dramatic poem "Herakles," which first appeared in 1917, a few months before the dramatist's death in March, 1918.

The most obvious value of the poems and prose-pieces in the "Nachlass" is biographical, historical. None of the distinguished literary men, the dramatists and novelists Max Halbe and Heinrich Mann and the Professor of Literature, Dr. Arthur Kutscher, among them, who were entrusted by Wedekind's widow with the task of issuing a selection of his unpublished papers, would claim that they had added anything of particular value to the stock of contemporary German literature. They have assisted in throwing fresh light on the dramatist's character and development, both as writer and as man; they have rescued a number of fugitive poems from the oblivion of the bound volumes of certain periodicals. But that is practically all. One is glad to note the sign of tenderness and simplicity in the "Kinder-epos" entitled "Hänseken," dedicated by Wedekind at Christmas, 1879, to his sister Emilia, "in all brotherly love." That is certainly a bright relief from the sombre fatalism and deliberate brutality of the later Wedekind philosophy—if thought so irresponsible and temperamental can be properly given the name. There are early foreshadowings of these later characteristics. A poem of November, 1880, shows Wedekind under the influence of the philosophy of Eduard von Hartmann, whose leading ideas are thus appropriated:

Der Geist des Universums schwebt
Herab aus unsichtbaren Sphären
Auf dieser Erde, wo er lebt
Um sich im Kampfe zu verklären.

So spricht zu uns ein weiser Mann
Und lehrt uns, dass wir nicht vergebens
Erklimmen auf der steilen Bahn
Das hohe Ziel des Menschenlebens.

But the courage and optimism revealed in those lines do not appear to have lasted long, for in 1882 Wedekind pens a poem entitled "Lebensmüde," in which he shows that wantonness, that calculated endeavour to shock and repel which later so often marked his plays. He speaks of himself as sleeping in his bed; suddenly he hears a shriek; it is a pig being slaughtered, and he expresses the desire to be that pig. A little later there is described in verse the unsavoury episode which seven years afterwards was to be the foundation of the play "Frühlingserwachen."

The greater part of the remaining poems are reprinted from *Simplicissimus*, for which Wedekind wrote satirical verse under several pseudonyms, frequently causing the paper either to be suppressed or to be otherwise proceeded against by the authorities. Of these political squibs the most interesting are those respectively entitled "Bismarcks Höllenfahrt" and "Im Heiligen Land"—the latter a once extremely notorious skit on the ex-Emperor Wilhelm's tour of the East. Among the few poems which please or interest for their own sake, and for no extraneous

reason, special mention should be made of the sprightly "Schatzerl, ein Kuss . . .":

Schatzerl, ein Kuss!
Ach, noch einen!
Gib, o gib mir im Ueberfluss,
Sonst muss ich weinen.
Sonst wird mir bang und ich wein so leicht,
Wenn Erinnerung mich überschleicht.

The most important of the stories of Wedekind which the researches of his literary executors have brought to light is the comparatively lengthy narrative entitled "Marianne, eine Erzählung aus dem Bauernleben," which was written during Wedekind's period of residence in Zurich in 1887. The completion of this story produced a most interesting letter from Wedekind's mother, which is quoted in its entirety by the editors in their careful and instructive bibliographical "Geleitwort" at the end of the volume. Wedekind was apparently not satisfied with his achievement, and his mother tells him she feels it lacks passion and a "great idea"—a criticism which might without much injustice be applied to the body of the dramatist's work in general. There is nevertheless sufficient pathos and sincerity in this story of the thwarted love of a peasant girl to make it of outstanding importance among Wedekind's early work. The majority of the other prose-pieces are negligible, except in so far as they illustrate the development of the dramatist's sexual monomania by which so much of his later writing was disfigured. The Wedekind abnormally preoccupied with himself, determined to shock, outrage and mock at the feelings of the world in revenge for its treatment of him, the Wedekind with no settled belief except in the injustice of his own case, the Wedekind without hope either from present or future—this is the man and writer whose beginnings are chiefly reflected in this book.

"Herakles" deserves to be called not only an artistic, but also a biographical completion of Wedekind's career. It represents the dramatist's final attempt to give expression to his intense and—as he conceived it—frustrated personality. Hercules is clearly intended to stand in some measure for Wedekind himself,

Zwischen Gottheit und Menschheit im Ehebruch gezeugt,
Von den Göttern verhöhnt, bei den Menschen verhasst,
Schaff' ich neu mir die Bahn,
Ueberrennend, was breit in die Quere sich stellt!

Undoubtedly it is the dramatist himself speaking in those defiant lines, and the familiar story he dramatizes may be considered closely applicable to his own life, if somewhat flattering—Hercules' challenge to Pythia, his thralldom to Omphale, his murder of Nessus, his death through the garment soaked in poisonous blood sent him by Deianira, and, finally, his ascent from the funeral flames to be received in bliss by Hebe, while the youths and maidens sing in chorus:

Heil sei dem Kämpfer.
Ihn krönt Unsterblichkeit.
Ihn preist der Jugend
Flammender Mund.

Sterbliche Kräfte
Rasch seid ihr hingerafft.
Wer euch erhöhte
Sei unser Held.

So hebt die Menschheit
Ueber die Menschheit sich.
Helden erklimmen
Kämpfend die Höhen.

And apart from the biographical interest of the play which has just been suggested there is in it a dignity and beauty of language which will surprise those who are acquainted only with Wedekind's earlier work, or know only of the reputation a vigorous controversy has not yet allowed to clarify, in Germany at least. "Herakles" should certainly assist in the revision—if not the reversal—

of that purely hostile judgment of Wedekind which is current in certain quarters. No estimate of his character and achievement, at all events, is anything but woefully incomplete that does not take account of it.

CARNAVAL EST MORT. *Premiers essais pour mieux comprendre mon temps.* Par Jean-Richard Bloch. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 7fr. 50.)—M. Bloch has at least three of the qualities that go to make a good critic: he is intelligent, he is enthusiastic, and he is fearless. To these must be added a fourth quality, not so helpful: he is ridden by one overmastering passion. It is true that here the passion is a noble one, it is for humanity (M. Bloch is an ardent revolutionary and Socialist); nevertheless, it undoubtedly colours everything he writes, so that the various essays which make up this interesting and suggestive book are really one long essay in propagandism. Take, for instance, the brilliant and powerful study of M. Paul Hervieu. Is it not, in its very exhaustiveness, unnecessarily cruel? It recalls Lemaitre's celebrated article on Georges Ohnet, yet we feel, in this case, that it is not solely, nor even principally, M. Hervieu's weakness as a dramatist that has inspired his castigator. M. Hervieu has been chosen as a scapegoat because M. Bloch detests his plays, but also because he detests the demand for them, the society they paint—"a society rotten and already lost in the past"—and because he wants an art for the people, and in particular a theatre for the people.

It is chiefly, then, in its relation to modern social conditions that literature interests M. Bloch, and it is significant that the names of Shaw and Wells occur in his pages, but never those of Conrad, James, or Yeats, though with the aim at least of Mr. Yeats's early dramatic experiments he ought to be in sympathy. The book is well worth reading. It is at times intolerant, and nearly always iconoclastic; but it is permeated with a spirit of idealism, and expresses a state of mind which, whatever its effect upon art, seems day by day to be spreading more widely.

LA MADRE. By Grazia Deledda. (Milan, Treves; London, Truslove & Hanson. 7 lire.)—Grazia Deledda is tending more and more to keep at the centre of things, to simplify her setting and concentrate her energies upon her leading characters. The scene of "La Madre" is laid in a remote mountain village of Sardinia, but she makes no attempt to set its life before us, as she has done in earlier novels. She merely sketches in the details that are essential for the background of her story, which is concerned with the young priest Paolo, his mother, and the lonely young girl of means, Agnese, who has made him promise to fly with her. The novel is, in fact, a duel between the two women for Paolo. His mother has guessed how matters stand and makes him swear to abandon Agnese for ever. The village has a bad reputation. Paolo's predecessor, after a godly beginning, had gone to the bad, and the old lady actually has a vision of him threatening to drive her and her son from the parish if they do not depart of their own free will—a most unusual incident in an Italian novel. At their final meeting Agnese declares she will denounce Paolo from the altar after mass. When on the point of executing her threat, she is irresistibly checked at the altar-rails, at the very moment when, as it afterwards appears, Paolo's mother, who had sacrificed all to give her son his chance, had dropped dead from horror at his coming disgrace. And yet she sympathizes with her son at heart, and feels the cruelty of his being deprived of the right to love like other men. The story is slighter than others by Grazia Deledda, but it is told with all the old power. The principal characters, notably Paolo and his mother, stand out clear and well-defined.

ANDRÉ GIDE

LA SYMPHONIE PASTORALE. Par André Gide. (Paris, Nouvelle Revue Française. 4fr. 80 net.)

M. GIDE is one of the problems of literature. How is it, one asks, how is it that a man can possess so many of the qualities that go to make a great writer and yet be so definitely not an immortal, so certainly not great? Intelligent, subtle, imaginative, a stylist with a real sense of the beauty of words, M. Gide is all that an author could wish to be, except great. There is something lacking in him, some quality that should synthesize and make effective all those qualities he already possesses. What is it precisely that makes of M. Gide a great writer *manqué*? It is surely a deficiency of life, or, more grossly and expressively, of "guts." At one time or another in the course of his literary career, M. Gide has handled almost every spiritual problem of real and fundamental importance. But he has handled them over-delicately, with his finger-tips, so to speak. He has never closed and grappled with the angels or demons he has met on his way. There is hardly one of his books which one does not close with a sense of dissatisfaction that triumphs over all the pleasures undeniably to be derived from them.

For all its charm, for all the limpidity of its style, "La Symphonie Pastorale" leaves behind it this same faint, but triumphant sense of dissatisfaction. As usual M. Gide has posed a spiritual problem of the most real and vital importance, and as usual he has slipped his hold of it just as the wrestle was becoming interesting.

The theme of M. Gide's little *nouvelle* is extremely simple. A Protestant Swiss pastor adopts a blind orphan girl—blind not only physically, but by reason of the utter neglect in which she has always lived, blind also in the spirit, dead and inanimate. The pastor undertakes her education, and in a little while the dormant intelligence joyfully awakes and the almost bestial creature who first entered the pastor's house becomes a sensitive and fine-souled woman. The blind girl is radiantly happy in her newly acquired life, and the pastor takes care to teach her nothing of sin and suffering. Of Christianity he only imparts to her the words of Christ, omitting all the sombre teaching of Paul. In the end—what is more natural?—the teacher finds himself in love with his pupil; illicitly, for he is married. An operation restores the blind girl to sight, and in a brief apocalyptic vision she discovers the immensity of evil and pain. She sees the pain that the pastor's love for her causes to his wife, and she cannot bear it. In her blindness she had imagined that the universe was as harmonious as that *Symphonie Pastorale*, heard once with such rapture in a concert-room at Neufchatel. The discovery that the world is in reality a place of disastrous discord sends her to suicide.

And so the story ends. It is exquisitely told. The characters of the pastor and of his wife, incarnations of Christian charity and of Puritanic duty, emerge with a fine clarity of outline. But what is, after all, the really important psychological event in the book—the blind girl's realization of evil—is hurried over in a few lines. We are left almost in ignorance of the change that has come over her character. Is bliss impossible without a pre-lapsarian ignorance? Is the world a pastoral symphony only to the blind? We do not ask M. Gide to answer these questions. "Malt does more than Milton can to justify God's ways to man." But we do expect him to explore the problem a little. True, the problem is old and well-worn, like all the problems of importance. But the fact that he may have to stray into the obvious, to say things that have often been said before, does not prevent a man of vitality from attacking an old problem.

A. L. H.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Manchester. Bulletin of the John Rylands Library. Dec., 1919, to July, 1920. 10½x6½. 107 pp. Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 2/ n.

***Newton (A. Edward).** The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections. 8x5½. 394 pp. il. Lane, 20/ n.

PHILOSOPHY.

***Bergson (Henri).** Mind-Energy: Lectures and Essays. Tr. H. Wildon Carr. 9x5½. 222 pp. Macmillan, 10/ n.

***Gunn (J. Alexander).** Bergson and his Philosophy. Introd. by Alexander Mair. 7½x5. 212 pp. Methuen, 6/ n.

***Urwick (E. J.).** The Message of Plato: a Re-interpretation of the "Republic." 9x5½. 275 pp. Methuen, 18/ n.

RELIGION.

Adept (The) of Galilee: a Story and an Argument, by the Author of "The Initiate." 7½x5. 434 pp. Routledge, 9/ n.

Emmerich (Anne-Catherine). La douloureuse Passion. Bois gravés par Malo Renault. 9½x6½. 78 pp. Paris, La Connaissance, 9, Galerie de la Madeleine.

Lake (Kirsopp). Landmarks in the History of Early Christianity. 9x5½. 147 pp. Macmillan, 8/6 n.

Leadbeater (Charles W.). The Science of the Sacraments. 7½x5. 560 pp. il. Kegan Paul, 15/ n.

Smith (Charles Ryder). The Bible Doctrine of Society in its Historical Evolution. 8½x5½. 418 pp. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 18/ n.

Smith (Robinson). The Solution of the Synoptic Problem: Sources, Sequence and Dates of the Gospels and Epistles, and the Consequent Life of Christ: a Study in Methodology. 9x5½. 294 pp. Watts, 10/ n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

Kirkaldy (A. W.). Wealth: its Production and Distribution. 7½x5½. 147 pp. Methuen, 5/ n.

***Loti (Pierre).** La Mort de notre chère France en Orient. 7½x4½. 300 pp. Paris, Calmann-Lévy, 6fr. 75.

***Müller-Lyer (F.).** The History of Social Development. Tr. Elizabeth Coote Lake and H. A. Lake. Introd. by Professors L. T. Hobhouse and E. J. Urwick. 8½x5½. 357 pp. Allen & Unwin, 18/ n.

State (The) and Sexual Morality. 7½x4½. 77 pp. Allen & Unwin, 1/6 n.

Stoddard (Lothrop). The Rising Tide of Colour against White World-Supremacy. Introd. by Madison Grant. 8½x5½. 352 pp. Chapman & Hall, 12/6 n.

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***Kekewich (Sir G. W.).** The Education Department and After. 9x5½. 368 pp. Constable, 21/ n.

***Parry (R. St. John).** Cambridge Essays on Adult Education. 9x6. 238 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/6 n.

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***Lankester (Sir Ray).** Secrets of Earth and Sea. 7½x5. 251 pp. Methuen, 8/6 n.

McCabe (Joseph). The ABC of Evolution. 7½x4½. 106 pp. Watts, 2/ n.

Walsh (William S.). The Psychology of Dreams. 8x5½. 368 pp. Kegan Paul, 12/6 n.

Witherby (H. F.), ed. A Practical Handbook of British Birds. Part IX. 8½x5½. 80 pp. il. Witherby, 4/6 n.

LITERATURE.

***Bennett (Arnold).** Our Women: Chapters on the Sex-Discord. 8½x5½. 250 pp. Cassell, 7/6 n.

***Bertrand (Aloysius).** Gaspard de la Nuit: fantaisies à la manière de Rembrandt et de Callot (Edition complète). 6½x4½. 283 pp. Paris, La Connaissance, 4fr. 50.

Burchardt (C. B.). Norwegian Life and Literature: English Accounts and Views, especially in the Nineteenth Century. 8½x5½. 238 pp. Milford, 10/6 n.

Doyon (René-Louis). Proses Mystiques (La Résurrection de la Chair; L'Homme qui a sauvé Dieu; La Dernière). Avec trois eaux-fortes gravées par Henry de Groux. 9½x6½. 46 pp. Paris, La Connaissance.

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- ***Mérimée (Prosper)**. H. B. [Henri Beyle], par un des Quarante. 6½x3½. 40 pp. Paris, La Connaissance.
- ***Ralli (Augustus)**. Guide to Carlyle. 9x5½. 2 vols. 431, 456 pp. Allen & Unwin, 42/n.
- Rhys (Grace)**. About Many Things. 7x4½. 207 pp. Methuen, 6/n.
- ***Shelley (Percy Bysshe)**. Philosophical View of Reform. Now printed for the first time, with Introd. and Appendix by T. W. Rolleston. 8½x6½. 106 pp. Milford, 7/6 n.
- Spence (Lewis)**. Legends and Romances of Spain. II. by Otway McCannell. 9½x6½. 405 pp. Harrap, 21/n.

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- Cook (C. F.)**, ed. The Book of Sussex Verse. Foreword by Arthur F. Bell. 6½x4½. 241 pp. Hove, Combridges, 5/n.
- Davey (Norman)**. Desiderium, 1915-18. 7½x5. 105 pp. Cambridge, Heffer, 6/n.
- Foulke (William Dudley)**. To-Day and Yesterday: Sonnets and other Verses. 7x4½. 172 pp. Milford, 6/n.
- Hardy (Blanche C.)**. The Buried City: Poems, 1914-20. 6½x4. 42 pp. Heath Cranton, 3/6 n.
- Khori (Torahiko)**. Absalom; and other Plays and Poems. 7½x5. 122 pp. Selwyn & Blount, 5/n.
- Le Cardonnel (Louis)**. Du Rhône à l'Arno. Poèmes (fac-simile des Manuscrits), avec un portrait gravé à l'eau-forte par Henry de Groux. 13x10. 29 pp. Paris, La Connaissance.
- McKay (Claude)**. Spring in New Hampshire; and other Poems. 8x5½. 40 pp. Grant Richards, 3/6 n.
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- Percy (Edward)**. Joseph of Arimathea: a Romantic Morality in Four Scenes. 9½x6. 47 pp. Burns & Oates, 5/n.
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- Shakespeare Dictionary: Part III**. Macbeth. 10½x7½. 58 pp. Taunton, A. E. Baker, Borough Librarian.
- Storer (Edward)**. Terra Italica: Poems written in Italy. Woodcuts by M. Nutting. 8½x5½. 52 pp. Egoist Press, 3/6 n.
- Wilde (Oscar)**. The Sphinx. Illustrated and decorated by Alastair. 12x9½. 36 pp. 10 page il. Lane, 25/n.

FICTION.

- Bachelor (Irving)**. A Man for the Ages: a Story of the Builders of Democracy. 7½x5. 350 pp. Constable, 9/n.
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- ***Bell (Walter George)**. The Great Fire of London in 1666. 8½x5½. 399 pp. 41 pl. Lane, 25/n.
- Crool (Peter)**. Poitiers: a History and Guide. 6½x4½. 292 pp. il. maps. Poitiers, J. Levrier, 27, rue Gambetta.
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- ***Hadfield (E.)**. Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group. 9x5½. 336 pp. il. Macmillan, 12/6 n.
- Hardeman (F. E.)**. The Peregrinations of Pamela. 7½x5½. 118 pp. il. Heath Cranton, 5/n.

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- Blore (G. H.)**. Victorian Worthies: Sixteen Biographies. 7½x5. 384 pp. pors. Milford, 7/6 n.
- ***Crockford's Clerical Directory, 1920**. 10x6½. 2080 pp. Field Press, 30/n.
- Osborne (W. A.)**. William Sutherland: a Biography. 7½x5. 102 pp. Melbourne, Lothian Book Publishing Co. (British Australasian, 51, High Holborn, W.C.1), 7/6 n.
- Synnott (E. F.)**. Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish, by the Rector of Ruspur. 7½x5. 152 pp. Stanley Paul, 5/n.

HISTORY.

- Lockitt (C. H.)**. The Relations of French and English Society (1763-1793). 8½x5½. 136 pp. Longmans, 6/6 n.
- Munro (James)**. History of Great Britain: Part III. Kingdom and Empire, 1716-1919. 7½x5. 416 pp. Oliver & Boyd.
- ***West (Julius)**. A History of the Chartist Movement. Introductory Memoir by J. C. Squire. 9x5½. 328 pp. Constable, 16/n.

PERIODICALS.

- Dial**. September. New York, Dial Publishing Co. 40 cents.
- Neue Schaubühne**. September. Dresden, R. Kaemmerer, 2.50 m.
- Panorama**. August. Paris, 286, Boulevard St.-Germain, 1fr.
- Studies**. September. Dublin, Educational Co. of Ireland, 2/6 n.
- Sturm**. Vol. XI. Part 6. Berlin, Potsdamer Strasse, 134a, 4m. 50.
- Voices**. September. Chapman & Hall, 1/n.

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